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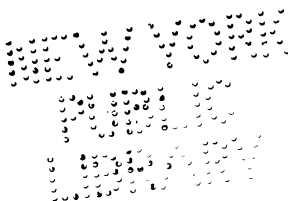
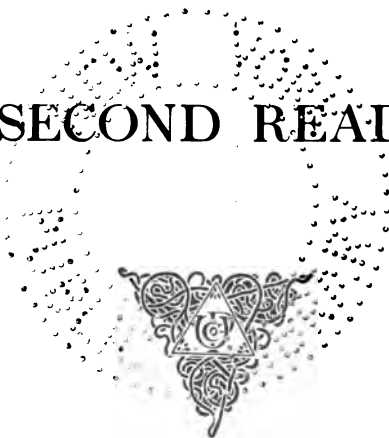
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A Series of School Readers

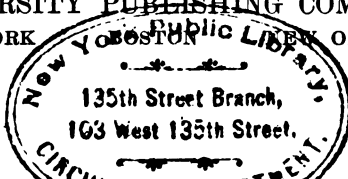
BY

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.

A SECOND READER



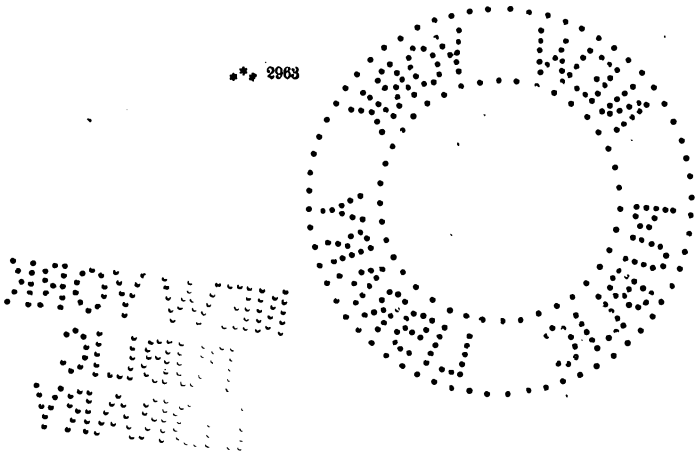
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PREFACE

In selecting the literary matter that goes to make up this reader, constant and earnest care has been taken to glean the brightest and best from writers who have won recognition through the merit of their work. The lessons have been arranged so as to cover the subjects suggested by the best educational authorities. These selections may be classified as follows:

Classic Myth	Nature Study	Fables and Fairy Tales
Legends	Folk-lore	History and Biography
The Bible		Story and Adventure
Poems about the Seasons		Miscellaneous Poems

This reader is based upon the vocabulary of the FIRST READER of the same series, and is carefully graded to follow that book. New words are uniformly placed in word lists at the head of the lesson, so that the pupil who is well drilled on these lists will never meet a word in reading that he does not know and cannot call at sight.

In preparing the color work the same rule has been followed as in the FIRST READER. Colored pictures have not been introduced merely for the sake of having colored illustrations in the book. On the contrary, every colored picture teaches a lesson in which color plays an essential part. In this respect they differ from those in all other series of readers.

The reader is the best basis for practical language work, and at intervals throughout this book systematic suggestions for language exercises are given. The same suggestions are applicable to numerous lessons, and should not be limited to the single place in which they are found. While no attempt is made, or should be made, to formulate rules; yet the simplest principles of capitalization and punctuation are developed by practice in writing.

To-day thoughtful educators very generally hold that it is undesirable to sacrifice space to questions that analyze lessons.

PREFACE

Such questions to be interesting and valuable must vary with the environment and the information of each class, and are easily supplied by teachers. By conforming to modern pedagogy on this point we have been able to gain space which has been utilized to include several stories exactly adapted in vocabulary to the advancement of the class.

At the close of the book will be found brief biographical sketches of some of the prominent authors represented. These are placed in the Appendix, because they involve words which are not in the child's vocabulary. Other biographies will be found in the higher readers, where they are given in connection with the first selection of each author.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE GOLDEN FLEECE	<i>Greek Myth</i> 7
THE WOODPECKER	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i> 10
SEPTEMBER (SELECTION)	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> 11
THE WIND AND THE SUN	<i>Aesop</i> 12
TIMOTHY'S SHOES	<i>Juliana H. Ewing</i> 13
A FALL SONG	<i>Ellen Robena Field</i> 15
THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY	<i>Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm</i> 16
THE GOLDFINCH	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 19
OCTOBER (SELECTION)	<i>Clara L. Strong</i> 20
ARTHUR AND THE SWORD	<i>Sir Thomas Malory</i> 21
THE KNIGHTS AND THE CHILD	<i>Emily Huntingdon Miller</i> 24
THE STRONGEST—WHO? OR WHICH?	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> 25
THE MONTHS (SELECTION)	<i>Sara Coleridge</i> 28
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	29
THE CHESTNUT BURR	<i>Christine H. Hamilton</i> 33
THE ARROW HUNT	<i>Elizabeth Flint Wade</i> 34
NOVEMBER (SELECTION)	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> 38
THE GOLDEN HEART	<i>German Classics</i> 39
GOOD-NIGHT	<i>Sydney Dayre</i> 45
THE MALLARD DUCKS	<i>Eva Williams Malone</i> 46
THE NEW MOON	<i>Eliza Lee Follen</i> 48
THE HEN THAT WENT TO DOVERFIELD	<i>Norse Folklore</i> 49
WATER LILIES	<i>Indian Legend</i> 54
SEVEN TIMES ONE AND SEVEN (SELECTION)	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 55
THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 56
THE WATER MILL (SELECTION)	57
THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN FLEECE	<i>Greek Legend</i> 61
A SQUIRREL TALK	65
THE CHILD AND THE BIRD	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i> 69
ROBERT BRUCE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 70
THE LEAK IN THE DIKE	<i>Phoebe Cary</i> 71
THE BOY'S SONG	<i>James Hogg</i> 74
THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES	<i>Greek Legend</i> 75
THANKSGIVING DAY	<i>Lydia Maria Child</i> 79
THE GIGGES	<i>Kirk Munroe</i> 80
THE BOY, THE BEES, AND THE BRITISH	<i>Lutie Andrews McCorkle</i> 82
THE THREE BEARS	84

	PAGE
SNOWFLAKES	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 89
PEACH PRINCE	<i>Japanese Legend</i> 90
THE OWL	<i>Lord Alfred Tennyson</i> 93
THE BLUE JAY	<i>John Burroughs</i> 94
ULYSSES AND THE WINDS	<i>Homer</i> 96
THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG	<i>F. C. Woodworth</i> 98
THE COLD COUNTRY	<i>S. Weir Mitchell</i> 99
THE ARROW AND THE SONG	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 103
THE CARDINAL BIRD	<i>Olive Thorne Miller</i> 104
A CHRISTMAS SONG	<i>Phillips Brooks</i> 106
WATCHING FOR A LEOPARD IN AFRICA	<i>Paul Du Chaillu</i> 107
THE SNOW BABY	<i>Josephine Diebitsch Peary</i> 109
THE BRIGHT SIDE	<i>George Macdonald</i> 113
THE BIRDS AND I	<i>Liberty H. Bailey</i> 114
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> 116
DAVID'S TRIP TO THE MOON	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 118
DAVID'S WORK IN THE MOON	<i>Howard Pyle</i> 120
THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.—A LULLABY	<i>Mabel Osgood Wright</i> 123
THE OLD TOWN CLOCK	<i>Lutie Andrews McCorkle</i> 125
HOW A LARK LEARNED TO SING AND FLY	<i>J. M. Barrie</i> 127
THE POET AND HIS BOAT	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 129
ELEPHANTS AND THEIR BABIES	<i>Paul Du Chaillu</i> 130
THE FLOWER	<i>Lord Alfred Tennyson</i> 132
BLACK SWALLOWTAIL	<i>Mary Rogers Miller</i> 133
THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN	<i>Joel Chandler Harris</i> 137
PIPPA'S SONG	<i>Robert Browning</i> 140
PUSSY WILLOW AND THE SOUTH WIND	<i>Emily A. Braddock</i> 141
BOB	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 142
A FLIGHT (SELECTION)	<i>Lesley Glendower Peabody</i> 144
THE WIND AND THE RAINDROP	<i>Harriette M. Mills</i> 145
THE WIND	<i>Christina Rossetti</i> 145
A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> 146
MARCH (SELECTION)	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 148
HERALDS OF SPRING (SELECTION)	<i>Elizabeth B. Johnson</i> 148
SPRINGTIME (SELECTION)	<i>William Dean Howells</i> 149
THE SEASONS (SELECTION)	<i>George Cooper</i> 149
MARJORIE'S ALMANAC (SELECTION)	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> 149
HOME THOUGHTS (SELECTION)	<i>Robert Browning</i> 149
SUMMER (SELECTION)	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 149
PSALM XXIII	<i>The Bible</i> 150
BIOGRAPHIES	151

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SECOND READER

ram

hide

plan

horns

ready



often

queen

fleece

strange

happened

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

I

Long ago a little boy and his sister lived in a far off land. Their father was the king. Their mother had been the queen, but she was dead.

The new queen did not like these children at all. She did not give them enough to eat, and she often made them stay out in the cold.

At last the queen made a plan to get rid of the children. The little boy found out about this, and told his sister.

"Let us run away and hide," he said. "We must go where the queen cannot find us."

"Oh, yes! let us go at once," said the little sister.

Very soon they were ready to set out. Just then a strange thing happened. A ram came flying down to them from the clouds. This ram was not like other sheep, for he had a fleece of bright gold.



When the children saw him, they were glad. "He has come to help us," they said. "He will take us away, so that the queen cannot find us." Then they climbed up on his back.

The little boy took hold of the ram's horns to keep from falling. The little girl held fast to him.

died	heard	dragon	country
harm	guard	carried	beautiful

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

II

The ram then flew up into the air. Away, far, far off he flew. He carried the children safely over the land.

Then they came to the sea. There the little sister lost her hold, and fell into the deep water.

The ram could not stop, and there was no way for the little boy to help his sister. The brother was sorry, and cried very hard, but he still held on.

At last they came to land again, and the ram flew down. The little boy got off. He was glad, for here the queen could not harm him.

The boy then went to see the king of this country, who gave him a pleasant home.

Not long after this the ram died. Then the boy took the beautiful fleece of gold, and gave it to this king. The king was much pleased with it, and had it hung up on an oak-tree, in the dark woods.

Other kings heard about the fleece, and tried to take it away. So a great dragon was placed under the tree to guard the golden fleece.

GREEK MYTH (Adapted).

odd	hits	twice	flies	tapping
spot	life	worms	sound	woodpecker



THE WOODPECKER.

Very close to me there is a woodpecker on an apple tree. How odd the red spot is on the back of his head! I should like to know why it is there.

The woodpecker is so close to the bark, that I can not see his feet. He looks as if he had on a black coat open in the back.

He is tapping all around the dead limbs. He hardly hits twice in the same place. He is trying to see if there are any worms in the tree.

How fond he is of the bark of trees! All his life long he keeps tapping and looking at it. How quickly he runs up a limb, or drops down!

Now he goes round and round, and hops from limb to limb. Now with a soft sound of his wings he flies to the next tree.

HENRY D. THOREAU (Adapted).

September bending orchards golden-rod

The golden-rod is yellow ;
 The corn is turning brown;
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (September).

Copy and fill out :

My full name is ——— ——— ———.
 My father's name is ——— ——— ———.
 My mother's name is ——— ——— ———.
 My teacher's name is ——— ——— ———.

With what kind of letter does each part of these names begin?

blew	road	North	broke	almost
drew	cloak	early	fierce	blossoms

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

Mr. North Wind was out early one morning.

He blew the trees until he almost broke their tops. He blew the dust on the road, so that it made big clouds. He blew the corn and the clover blossoms right down on the ground.

"Who is so strong as I?" he sang.

"I am," said the Sun, as he came out from a cloud. "I am as strong as you, and still stronger."

"Let us see which is the stronger," said Mr. Wind. "There comes a man that has on a thick cloak. Let us try to take it off."

Mr. Wind tried first. He blew as hard as he could. But the man only drew his cloak close about him, and Mr. Wind could not take it off.

Then the Sun tried. He made the air warm, and sent his beams down on the man.

At once the man took off his cloak. "How pleasant the sun feels," he said, "after that fierce wind."

ÆSOP (Adapted),

Make a list of the words that are names of things ; as, tree, corn.

wet	path	socks	class	Timothy
hurt	pinch	swamp	habits	teacher

TIMOTHY'S SHOES.

Timothy was often late for school and late for dinner.

"It is time for him to put on the fairy shoes," said his mother.

"Now, Tim," said she, "I want you to be a good boy. And take care that you do not stay away from school or be late. If you do, these shoes will pinch you."

Timothy put on the shoes. Once or twice on the way to school he stopped to pick flowers. But the shoes pinched him, and he ran on.

When the path ran near the swamp, he looked down and saw the golden buttercups.

Then he tossed away his books. Buttercups he must have.



As soon as Timothy turned to the flowers, the shoes wanted to go to school. In a short time the wet mud pulled them off his feet.

Timothy was glad to be rid of them. He waded about and picked buttercups, until he hurt his foot on a stone. Then he went on to school.

In the school-room, just at Tim's place in class, were the little shoes. There was mud all over them, and there was a buttercup in each one.

"You have been in the swamp, Timothy," said the teacher. "Put on your shoes."



Timothy had to go to the foot of the class. The shoes did not like to stay there. So they pinched his poor feet, until Timothy pulled them off.

The shoes then pattered back to their old place near the head. There they stayed, and waited for the little boy to work up to them.

Every day the shoes were in the place that Timothy should have filled. So, as long as he



stayed down in class, he had to stand in his socks.

In this way the shoes were of great use to Timothy. Little by little, with their help, he left off his bad habits, until at last they did not need to pinch him at all.

JULIANA H. EWING (Adapted).

nod
sear

brave
breeze

whispers
redbreast

A FALL SONG.

Golden and red trees
Nod to the soft breeze,
As it whispers, "Winter is near";
And the brown nuts fall
At the wind's loud call,
For this is the fall of the year.

Now the days grow cold,
And the year grows old,
And the meadows are brown and sear;
Brave robin redbreast
Has gone from his nest,
For this is the fall of the year.

ELLEN ROBENA FIELD.

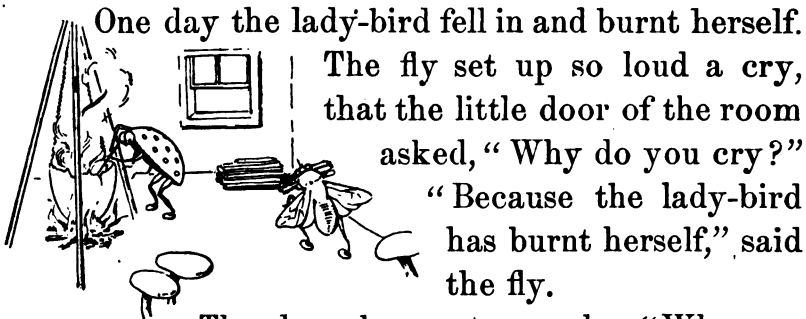
Copy this song. Draw lines under the words that are names.

past creak burnt herself lady-bird
sweep broom cooked together ash-heap

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY.

I

A lady-bird and a fly once kept house together.
They cooked their food in an egg-shell.



One day the lady-bird fell in and burnt herself.

The fly set up so loud a cry,
that the little door of the room
asked, "Why do you cry?"

"Because the lady-bird
has burnt herself," said
the fly.

The door began to creak. "Why are
you creaking?" asked the broom.

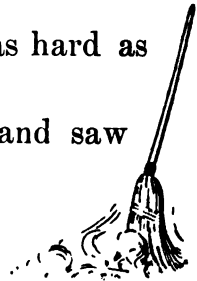
"Shall I not creak?"

Lady-bird is burnt,
And little fly weeps."

The broom began to sweep the floor as hard as
it could.

A little cart went past the door, and saw
the dust.

"Why are you sweeping so hard,
broom?" said the cart.



“Shall I not sweep ?

Lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps.”



The cart began to run. “Why are you running so ?” asked the ash-heap.

“Shall I not run ?” said the cart,
“When lady-bird is burnt,
Little fly weeps,
Little door creaks,
And little broom sweeps,
While little cart runs.”



show	grew	stood	rustle	wheels
flow	dried	shook	corner	stopped

THE LADY-BIRD AND THE FLY.

II

The ash-heap began to burn. “Why do you burn ?” asked a tree that grew near.

“I must burn,” said the ash-heap,
“For lady-bird is burnt,



And little fly weeps,
 Little door creaks,
 Little broom sweeps,
 And little cart runs."



"So will I rustle," said the little tree; and it shook so much that the leaves fell off.

Some leaves fell into the spring. "Why do you rustle?" asked the spring.

"Shall I not rustle?" said the tree.



"Lady-bird is burnt,
 Little fly weeps,
 Little door creaks,
 Little broom sweeps,
 Little cart runs,
 And little fire burns."

"Little fire shall not burn," said the spring. "I will show you what to do."

Then the spring began to flow, and put out the fire. The cart saw it, and stopped its wheels. The broom went and stood in the corner. The door closed. The fly dried her eyes. And the lady-bird went on with her cooking.



JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM (Adapted).

Write all the words that tell of doing something ; as, run.

such	weeds	lemon	thistle	August
inch	salad	mostly	canary	goldfinch



THE GOLDFINCH.

The goldfinch is a beautiful yellow bird. He is of a deep lemon color. His wings, tail, and cap are all black.

The nest that the goldfinch makes is a very pretty one. It has a bed of thistle-down an inch thick for the baby birds to rest upon. This nest may be made as late as August.

Two of these little birds once had their nest in an apple tree. While the mother bird was sitting, her gay little mate stayed near her all the time.

Every little while the sitting bird would say, "S-w-e-e-t," which sounds like a canary.

Then the father bird would call, and fly at once to see if she wanted anything.

These little birds eat mostly the seeds of weeds. They like thistle and ragweed, and seeds that fly.

Often they are called thistle-birds, salad-birds, and such names.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER (Adapted).

busy	gayly	October	planning
town	swiftly	stealing	gathering

October days are stealing
 All swiftly on their way;
 The squirrels now are working,
 The leaves are out at play;
 The busy, busy children
 Are gathering nuts so brown,
 The birds are gayly planning
 A winter out of town.

CLARA L. STRONG (October).

read	young	anvil	knight	Arthur
knew	sword	beside	church	himself

ARTHUR AND THE SWORD

I

This sword was found in a very strange place. It was sticking in an anvil.

The anvil was on a stone, and the stone was close beside a church. Just how it happened to be there, no one knew.

One day as some men came out of the church, they saw the sword. It was not there when they went in. Where had it come from?

The men went up to look at the sword. They read these words on the anvil: "If any one can pull this sword out, he shall be the king."

After some days, all the brave knights met to talk about this strange sword. One by one they tried to pull the sword out of the anvil, but no one could move it.

"Let us go home," they said, "and try again some other day." So they went away.

Some time after this, all the knights met at a place near by. But one of them had left his sword at home.

"Arthur, please go home and get my sword for me," this knight said to his young brother.

Arthur went home, but there was no one at home to get the sword for him.

"My brother must have a sword," said Arthur to himself. "I saw one in the anvil beside the church. I shall go and get that sword for him."

Sir	wise	stuck	agreed	person
Kay	rode	failed	seemed	number

ARTHUR AND THE SWORD.

II

Arthur rode at once to the church. When he came to the stone, he took hold of the sword, and pulled it out. This seemed easy work to him.

Then he carried the sword to his brother. The name of Arthur's brother was Sir Kay.

"This is not my sword, Arthur," said Sir Kay. "Where did you get this one?"

"I took it out of the anvil on the stone," said Arthur. "There was no one at home to give me your sword."

Arthur's brother quickly told their father what had happened. "That is very odd," said their father. "Let us see about this thing."

When they came to the stone, Arthur's father put the sword back where it had been before.



Then he tried to pull it out. The sword did not move.

Next Sir Kay tried to pull it out, but the sword stuck fast in the anvil.

"Now, Arthur, it is your turn," said his father.

Arthur grasped the sword. It came right out in his hands. He put it back in the anvil, and took it out again and again.

Then all the other knights tried as before to pull out the sword. They could not move it.

When all these men had failed a number of times, they gave up. They saw that Arthur was the only person that could pull out this strange sword.

"Arthur shall be king! Arthur shall be king!" was the cry. The knights agreed to this.

So Arthur was soon made king, and was ever brave, and wise, and good.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (Adapted).

galloping free a-riding

THE KNIGHTS AND THE CHILD.

Galloping fast and galloping free,
Who comes a-riding so swift to me?

"Over the world we ride, to find
The child that is loving and good and kind."

This is the child so dear!
Brave knights, you see him here!

"O child, be always good and gay.
Now gallop and gallop and gallop away."

EMILY HUNTINGDON MILLER

melt	froze	smooth	skipped	nothing
half	bridge	against	slipped	mountain

THE STRONGEST—WHO? OR WHICH?

I

One time in the country where you now live, there happened to be a big frost, and the pond froze over. Mr. Rabbit ran along that way, and found that the pond had a bridge of ice.



As Mr. Rabbit wished to go to the other side, he skipped over this bridge.

The ice was so smooth that when he got about half way, his feet slipped from under him and he fell.

When he got up, he began to think that the ice must be very strong to hit him so hard.

He said to the Ice, "You are very strong."

"I am so," said the Ice.

"Well, if you are so strong, how can the Sun melt you?"

The Ice said nothing, so Mr. Rabbit asked the Sun, "Are you very strong?"

"So they tell me," said the Sun.

"Then how can the Clouds hide you?"



The Sun had nothing to say.
Mr. Rabbit looked at the Clouds.

"Are you very strong?"

"We have heard so," said the Clouds.

"How can the Wind blow you?"



The Clouds sailed away, and Mr. Rabbit
asked the Wind, "Are you very strong?"

"To be sure," said the Wind.

"Then how can the Mountain stand against
you?"

The Wind blew itself away, and then Mr. Rabbit
asked the Mountain, "Are you very strong?"

"So it seems," said the Mountain.

"How can the Mouse make a nest in you?"

The Mountain did not say anything.

dumb	chase	bruise	indeed	behind
smoke	scare	quench	answer	anybody



THE STRONGEST—WHO? OR WHICH?

II

So Mr. Rabbit asked the Mouse, "Are you
very strong?"

"Oh, yes," said the Mouse.

"How can the Cat catch you?"

The Mouse hid in the grass. Mr. Rabbit asked the Cat, "Are you very strong?"

"Yes, indeed," said the Cat.

"How can the Dog chase you?"

The Cat began to wash her face. Then Mr. Rabbit asked the Dog, "Are you very strong?"

"Oh, very strong," said the Dog.

"Then why does the Stick scare you?"

The Dog did not answer, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Stick, "Are you very strong?"

"Everybody says so."

"Then how can the Fire burn you?"

The Stick was dumb, and Mr. Rabbit asked the Fire, "Are you very strong?"

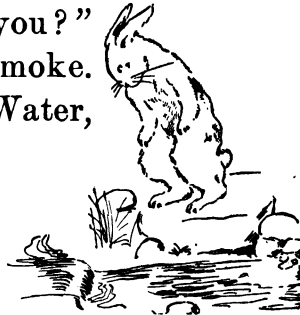
"Anybody will tell you so," the Fire answered.

"How can the Water quench you?"

The Fire hid behind the Smoke. Then Mr. Rabbit asked the Water, "Are you very strong?"

"Strong is no name for it," answered the Water.

"How can the Ice cover you?"



The Water went running down the River. After it had gone, the Ice said to Mr. Rabbit, "You see that you had to come back to me at last."

"Yes," said Mr. Rabbit, "and now I am going away. You are too much for me." Then Mr. Rabbit hopped off, rubbing his bruises.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*Adapted*).

From this story copy the names of all the things that talk with Mr. Rabbit.

With what kind of letter do these names begin?

Ask your teacher to tell you why these letters are used.

Copy:

- (1) The fall of the year is called autumn.
The months of autumn are September, October, and November.

- (2) Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves fall thick and fast.

SARA COLERIDGE.

With what kind of letter does the name of every month begin?

With what kind of letter does every line of the poem begin?

Bess	spread	Walter	Raleigh	people
soil	return	palace	England	kindness



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I

In England there lived a queen who was called
“Good Queen Bess.”

She tried to make her people happy, and they
loved her in return.

A young man, who had heard much about her
kindness, came to the palace to see her.

As he was walking to the palace, he met a lady at a place where the road was very muddy. The lady was the queen.

The young man at once took off his velvet cloak, and spread it on the ground for the queen to step on. She walked on the cloak, and so did not soil her pretty shoes.

The queen was pleased with Walter, for that was the young man's name, and after that he often went to the palace to visit her.

A little later, the queen made Walter a knight. His full name was then Sir Walter Raleigh.

pail	shut	tower	Indian	America
born	Dare	servant	tobacco	Virginia

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

II

Far over the sea from England, men had found a new country. They gave it the name America.

Few persons knew much about America in those days, and no white men lived there.

Sir Walter Raleigh wished to know a great deal about the new country. He asked the queen

to let him have some of the land in America for his own. The queen gladly gave him all that he asked for.

Raleigh named his part of the country Virginia, and sent ships to find out about it. He then sent more than a hundred persons to live in Virginia.



The ships sailed to Virginia, and carried back to England many odd things. Among these were Indian corn and tobacco. The people of England had never seen them before.

Raleigh smoked some of the tobacco. When his servant came in and saw the smoke, he feared that Raleigh was burning up. Then the servant ran and got a pail of water, and dashed it all over Raleigh.

For a time all went well with the people that Raleigh had sent to America. A little white baby was born there. She was named Virginia Dare. She was the first white child born in America.

When the ships came to America again, not one of Raleigh's people could be found. What had happened to them no man knows.

Raleigh then tried to send more persons to Virginia. This he could not do, for the queen died, and she had been Sir Walter's best friend.

After Queen Bess was dead, James became the king of England. The new king did not like Raleigh, and so shut him up in a great tower.

In America there is now a city called Raleigh. It is named for Sir Walter.

Copy, and fill blanks:

I go to school on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.

I play on Saturday.

I rest on Sunday.

—, —, —, —, —, —, —, make a week.

With what kind of letter do the names of the days of the week begin?

burr	might	shone	coaxed	chestnut
alarm	fright	smiled	cracked	hurrying

THE CHESTNUT BURR.

The wind cried aloud to the chestnut burr,
 "Open, come open to me!"
 And he blew with his might
 Till the burr shook with fright,
 But never a bit opened she.

Then the sun smiled down on the little green burr,
 "Please open," he coaxed, "to me!"
 And he shone so warm,
 That the burr in alarm
 Hid under the leaves of the tree.

Jack Frost came hurrying down the hill.
 "Ho, ho, ha, ha!" laughed he.
 And the burr laughed back
 Till her brown sides cracked;
 Then out fell the chestnuts three.

CHRISTINE H. HAMILTON.

Write out what the wind, the sun, and Jack Frost said.

lead	chalk	arrow	thought	fifteen
fence	board	follow	minutes	Saturday

THE ARROW HUNT.

I

"Now, Papa Brown," said Grace, as her papa got off the train, "you must think of the very best game you ever knew for us to play this afternoon."

"Yes, yes," cried Carl, "something fine for us to play on our last Saturday in the country."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, "I have thought of a fine game, and I will show you how to play it."

When he had rested, Mr. Brown called the children, and said, "The game that I have thought of is the 'arrow hunt.' It was the game that I liked best when I was a boy."

"An arrow hunt! How do you play that game?" cried all the Brown children at once.

"This is the way. I shall take a piece of chalk and make arrows on the walk, the fence, and the trees, or on anything that I please as I walk along. This is the way that the arrows will look," and he drew an arrow on a piece of board

"I shall go first, and in fifteen minutes you may come after me. Follow just as the arrows lead.

"At the end of the arrows, if you follow them right, you will find a big red arrow, and you may have the thing that the arrow rests upon."

The fifteen minutes seemed long to wait, but by and by they were past, and away ran the children.

marks	center	wound	shouted	straight
among	across	hungry	another	stepping

THE ARROW HUNT.

II

The children followed the arrow marks with great care. They led down the board walk and along the fence, but at the turn in the road they stopped.

It was some minutes before any one could find the next arrow. It was on the fence and pointed straight into the air.



"Oh," said Grace, "it goes up into the sky, and we can't go up there."

"I think that it goes over the fence," said Rob,



and he climbed up and shouted, "Yes, here it is! Come on!"

The next arrow was on a round stone. Little Jane found it.

It was great fun hunting for the arrows. They led the children into all kinds of places. They led by the side of a brook, and then across the brook on stepping-stones.

They went through a meadow, and past a field of corn. By and by they led into a pretty wood along a path that wound in and out among the trees.

All at once the children came to an open place. In the very center of the grass was spread a white cloth, and on it were cakes, and





berries, and four white boxes, which looked very much like candy boxes.

In the center of the cloth were four pretty hoops and eight sticks, and on top of them was a big red arrow.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Brown stepped out of the bushes, and Mr. Brown said, "This is the end of the arrow hunt, and here we shall have our supper."

Then, happy and hungry, they sat down to eat the good things. After supper Mrs. Brown showed the children how to play "grace-hoops," the game which she used to play when she was a little girl.

When the sun was almost down, they went home. As the children went to bed that night, they said to one another, "This was the very best day of all."

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE (Adapted).

November bare noon chill

November woods are bare and still;
 November days are clear and bright;
 Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
 The morning's snow is gone by night.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (November).

roasted toasted popcorn

Trees bare and brown,
 Dry leaves everywhere,
 Dancing up and down,
 Flying through the air.
 Red-cheeked apples roasted,
 Popcorn almost done,
 Toes and chestnuts toasted,
 That's November fun.

sons	lose	arose	crown	brought
wife	heart	straw	beard	daughter

THE GOLDEN HEART.

I

A poor man and his wife sat at work late one night. As they had seven sons and one daughter, they had to work hard to get food enough for them.



All at once there was a rap at the door.
“Come in!” cried the poor man.

The door opened, and there stood a queer-looking little old man. He had sharp eyes and a long snow-white beard.

“Can you give me some food and a place to sleep?” asked the Little Man.

“We are sorry,” said the woman, “but we have no bed, and there is nothing to eat in the house. The children were so hungry, that there was not a crumb left after they had their supper.”

“Do not feel bad about it, I am not very hungry,” said the Little Man.

The good woman then brought the straw that she used for her own bed, and made a place on the floor for the Little Man to sleep.

Early the next morning the stranger arose and was about to go. "Show me your children," he said to the poor man.

The father and mother led him into the little room where the seven boys were sleeping.

The Little Man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a piece of gold. He broke off a bit, made a tiny crown of it, and put it into the hand of the first boy.



"You shall be a king," said he, "but take care not to lose your crown."

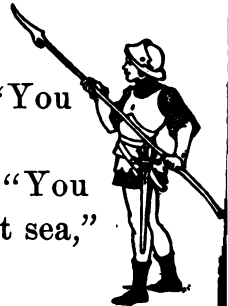
harp	fifth	darling	thimble	builder
plow	fourth	hammer	Gertrude	merchant

THE GOLDEN HEART.

II

To the second he gave a sword. "You shall be a soldier," he said.

He gave a ship to the third boy. "You shall be a sailor, and sail over the great sea," he said.





To the fourth boy the Little Man gave a harp. "You shall go from land to land and sing," he said.

To the fifth he gave a tiny piece of money. "You shall be a merchant," he said, "and buy and sell."

To the next he gave a small hammer. "You shall be a builder," he said, "and make houses."

To the youngest boy the Little Man gave a plow. "You shall be a farmer, and till the ground, that you and your brothers may have food," he said to the child.



Then the queer Little Man turned to go.

"Oh, my little daughter!" cried the mother. "You must give something to Gertrude."

She led the Little Man to a corner where the darling little girl was sleeping.



The man passed his hand over his snow-white beard. "I fear that I have no more gold," he said. "Yes, here is a very small piece. What can I make of it? There is not enough to make a thimble. Oh, I have it! I shall give the little girl a tiny golden heart."

So the Little Man laid a golden heart in the hand of the sleeping child, and went away.

The children grew up, and all the brothers became what the Little Man had said that they should.

The sister lived at home with her father and mother.



sow	seat	eldest	tired	parents
also	reap	maiden	seeking	neighbors

THE GOLDEN HEART.

III

At last the parents died, and Gertrude was left by herself. She still stayed in the old house, and was kind to every one that came to her for help.



One day there was a rap at the door, and when she opened it, she found her farmer brother there. He looked very sad.

"My barn has burned," he said, "and I have also lost all my seed."

The kind sister told him to come in. Then she went around among her neighbors, and got new seed for her brother.

"Thank you," he said, and went away glad. Now he could sow and reap again.

So six of her brothers came in turn, and Gertrude helped every one of them. At last the eldest brother came. He was a king, but he had lost his crown. Gertrude felt sorry. She had no crown to give him, but she tried to cheer him. Then she set out to look for a crown.

After a long time she came to a fine garden, where there was a seat. As she was very tired, she went in and sat down. Soon she fell asleep. When she awoke, a king was standing before her.

"Who are you?" said the king.

"I am Gertrude, and I am looking for a crown for my poor brother," she said. "Can you tell me where to find one?"

The king said, "What have you to give in return for a crown?"

"I have not much," said Gertrude. "But I will give this pretty golden heart for a crown for my brother." And she held out the golden heart that the Little Man had given her.

“The golden heart!” cried the king. “So you are the maiden with the golden heart. You shall have a crown for your brother, and you shall be my wife. I have long been seeking for the maiden with the golden heart.”

GERMAN CLASSICS.



Fill blanks so as to tell about more than one:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. The brown nut falls. | The brown — fall. |
| 2. The day grows cold. | The — grow cold. |
| 3. The red tree nods. | The red — nod. |
| 4. The knight rides. | The — ride. |
| 5. The farmer sows and reaps. | The — sow and reap. |
| 6. The bird has gone. | The — have gone. |
| 7. The ship sails. | The — sail. |

Find or make statements that tell about one thing.

Change these statements so as to tell about more than one.



shining light watched beginning

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, pretty Sun, good-night ;
I have watched your purple and golden light

While you are sinking away,
And some one has just been telling me
You're making, over the shining sea,

Another beautiful day :
That just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep

At your face—beginning to say
“ Good-morning ! ” just when I say
“ Good-night ! ”

Now, beautiful Sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you would say good-morning for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

rice	proud	quack	feather	Tennessee
cozy	South	taught	Mallard	Mississippi

THE MALLARD DUCKS.

"I feel a warm breeze from the north this morning," said Mr. Mallard. "It moves all my feathers. We must soon set out for our home in the mountains."

"Why not stay here?" asked Mrs. Mallard. "I like Mississippi. It is just as good a place to live in as those Tennessee mountains."

"My dear, this does well enough for winter, but it is not a fit summer home for ducks."

When they had gone a long way, they came to a fine country. Then they made a nest by pulling together a little dry grass and some leaves.

In this nest Mrs. Mallard laid ten beautiful blue eggs. Every day she picked soft down from her breast and put it into the nest.

The eggs were quite cozy in their feather bed. Mrs. Mallard sat upon them all the time to keep them warm.

Before very long there were nine little downy ducks in the nest. Mr. and Mrs. Mallard were



very proud of them. They took the little ones to the water, and taught them to swim.

When November came, the ducks all said, “Quack! quack! Away! away!” Then the whole flock flew to the South to spend the winter in the rice fields.

EVA WILLIAMS MALONE (Adapted).

Fill blanks so as to tell about only one:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. The clouds hide you. | The — hides you. |
| 2. The squirrels are working. | The — is working. |
| 3. The carts run. | The — runs. |

end	moon	roam	cradle	nicely
hope	rock	sharp	middle	rainbow

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
 The moon looks to-night ;
 She was never so pretty before ;
 Her two little horns
 Are so sharp and so bright,
 I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
 With you and my friends,
 I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see ;
 I'd sit in the middle
 And hold by both ends ;
 Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be !

And there we would rock
 In the beautiful skies,
 And through the bright clouds we would roam ;
 We would see the sun set,
 And see the sun rise,
 And on the next rainbow come home.

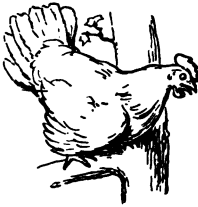
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

perch	Cocky Locky	Henny Penny
gander	Ducky Lucky	Gandy Pandy
world	dreamed	started
		Doverfield

THE HEN THAT WENT TO DOVERFIELD.

I

Once a hen dreamed that she must go to Doverfield or the world would come to an end.



So she jumped from her perch in the oak tree, and set out on the road.

When she had gone a bit, she met a cock.

“Good-day, Cocky Locky!” said the hen.

“Good-day, Henny Penny! Where are you going so early?” said the cock.

“Oh, I am going to Doverfield, so that the world shall not come to an end,” said the hen.

“Who told you that, Henny Penny?” said the cock.

“I sat in the oak tree and dreamed it last night,” said the hen.

“I will go with you!” said the cock.

So they went a long way, till they met a duck.

“Good-day, Ducky Lucky!” said the cock.



"Good-day, Cocky Locky! where are you going so early?" said the duck.

"I am going to Doverfield, so that the world shall not come to an end," said the cock.



"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

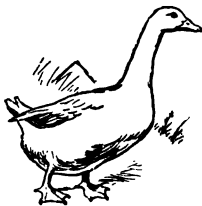
"Henny Penny!" said the cock.

"Who told you that, Henny Penny?" said the duck.

"I sat in the oak and dreamed it last night," said the hen.

"I will go with you!" said the duck.

So they started again, and walked till they met a gander.



"Good-day, Gandy Pandy!" said the duck.

"Good-day, Ducky Lucky!" said the gander. "Where are you going so early?"

"I am going to Doverfield, so that the world shall not come to an end," said the duck.

"Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?" said the gander.

"Cocky Locky!"

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

“Henny Penny!”

“How do you know that, Henny Penny?” said the gander.

“I sat in the oak and dreamed it last night, Gandy Pandy,” said the hen.

“I will go with you!” said the gander.

fie	ate	heavy	became	farther
den	pole	asleep	chimney	Foxy Woxy

THE HEN THAT WENT TO DOVERFIELD.

II

When they had gone a bit farther, they met a fox.

“Good-day, Foxy Woxy,” said the gander.

“Good-day, Gandy Pandy!”

“Where are you going, Foxy Woxy?”

“Where are you going, Gandy Pandy?”

“I am going to Doverfield, so that the world shall not come to an end,” said the gander.

“Who told you that, Gandy Pandy?” said the fox.



"Ducky Lucky!"

"Who told you that, Ducky Lucky?"

"Cocky Locky."

"Who told you that, Cocky Locky?"

"Henny Penny."

"How do you know that, Henny Penny?"

"I sat in the oak and dreamed last night, that if we do not go to Doverfield, the world will come to an end," said the hen.

"Oh, fie!" said the fox, "the world will not come to an end, even if you do not get there. No, come home with me to my den; that is much better, for the den is nice and cozy."

So they followed the fox home. When they came to the den, the fox put so much wood on the fire, that they all became sleepy.

The duck and the gander rested in a corner, but the cock and the hen perched on a high pole.

As soon as the gander and the duck were



asleep, the fox killed them both and ate them.

The hen woke up and saw what had happened. Then she flew to a higher perch.

Soon she woke up the cock, and told him what had happened to Gandy Pandy and Ducky Lucky.

The heavy door was shut, so Cocky Locky and Henny Penny flew up through the chimney, and got away from Foxy Woxy. Then they went to Doverfield.

They always thought that if they had not gone, the world would have come to an end.

NORSE FOLKLORE.

Copy these sentences :

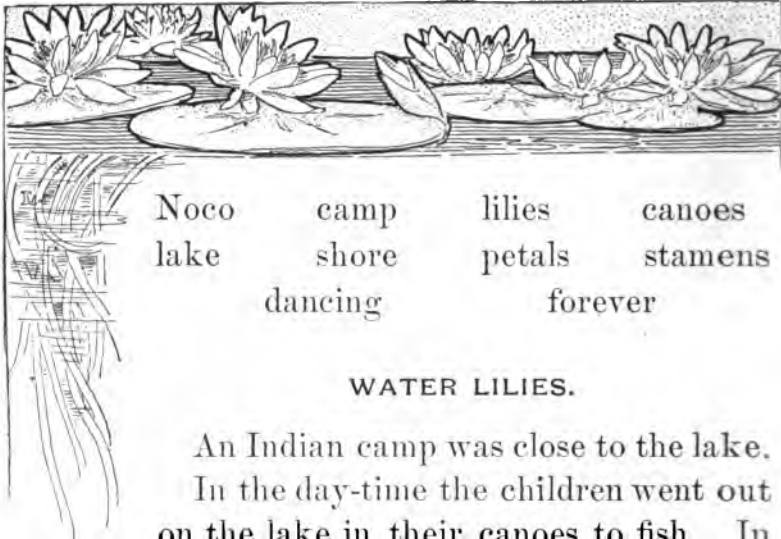
1. The queen did not like the children.
2. A woodpecker is tapping on the tree.
3. Mr. North Wind was out early one morning.
4. The fire hid behind the smoke.

Find or make other sentences that state something.

5. Who is so strong as I ?
6. Why are you sweeping so hard ?
7. How do you play that game ?
8. Where did you get the sword ?

Find or make other sentences that ask questions.

Write four questions from the story of "The Hen That Went to Doverfield." Write answers to these questions.



Noco	camp	lilies	canoes
lake	shore	petals	stamens
	dancing		forever

WATER LILIES.

An Indian camp was close to the lake.
In the day-time the children went out
on the lake in their canoes to fish. In
the evening they sat on the shore, and looked at
the stars dancing on the water.

"I wish that the stars were here in the day-
time," said Noco.

A little star heard what Noco said. The star
wished to be near the children.

That night the little star dropped from his place
in the sky down into the lake.

The star's beams spread out on the water. Here
and there they took root.

Up from each root grew a plant with blossoms
like the star. They had beautiful white petals.

In the center were yellow stamens like a golden heart.

Then Noco and the other children went out in their canoes to visit the flowers. They were white water-lilies, but the children called them stars.

“ Our stars have come to live with us forever,” Noco said.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Copy :

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my " seven times " over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better ;
They are only one times one.

JEAN INGELow.

How old are you ?
Write the date of your last birthday.
Write the date of to-morrow.
Write the date of next Christmas.

Copy: September....Sept. November....Nov.
October....Oct. December....Dec.

lit	sofa	none	crawl	hunter
lamp	nurse	track	forest	backward

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
 Around the fire my parents sit;
 They sit at home and talk and sing,
 And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
 All in the dark along the wall,
 And follow round the forest track
 Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
 All in my hunter's camp I lie,
 And play at books that I have read,
 Till it is time to go to bed.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
 Home I return across the sea,
 And go to bed with backward looks
 At my dear land of Story Books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Write in pairs the words that rhyme; as, lit, sit.

flap
mill
yoke

oxen
packs
bakers

grist
grind
blind

poured
merrily
between



THE WATER MILL.

I

“Any grist for the mill?”

How merrily it goes!

Flap, flap, flap, flap,

While the water flows.

Round-about and round-about,

The heavy mill-stones grind,

And the dust flies all about the mill,

And makes the miller blind.

“Any grist for the mill?”

The busy farmer packs

His wagon with a heavy load

Of very heavy sacks.

Then drives his yoke of oxen
 To mill, at early morn,
 And between the greedy mill-stones
 Is poured the golden corn.

“Any grist for the mill?”
 The bakers come and go;
 They bring their open sacks to fill,
 And leave them down below.
 The dusty miller and his men
 Fill all the sacks they bring,
 And while they go about their work
 Right merrily they sing.

tongue	kitchen	streams	clacking
meal	believe	season	heartily
	breakfast	johnny-cake	

THE WATER MILL.

II

Living close beside the mill,
 The miller's girls and boys
 Always play at make-believe,
 Because they have no toys.



“Any grist for our mill?”
The older brothers shout,
While all the little maidens
Go dancing round-about.

“Any grist for the mill?”
How quickly it goes round!
Flap, flap, flap, flap,
What a merry sound!
The children laugh right gayly,
As with clacking tongue it sings
Of johnny-cake for breakfast,
And other pleasant things.

"Any grist for the mill?"

But see! it will not go;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.
And when the frosty season comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The miller only hears the mill
And grinds the corn in dreams.

The miller's little boys and girls
Are glad to see the snow.
"Good father, play with us to-day;
You cannot work, you know.
We will be the mill-stones,
And you shall be the wheel;
We'll toss the white snow all about,
And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
Laughs at the kitchen door.
She never saw the miller work
So merrily before:
"Bravely done, my little lads,
Start up the lazy wheel,
For money comes but slowly in
When snow-flakes are the meal."

SELECTED.

pale throne Jason wicked peacock
 mind woman search kingdom wearing

THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

I

Jason was the son of a king. His father was dead, and a wicked man had taken his kingdom.

When Jason became a man, he set out to win back his kingdom and his throne.

Soon he came to a river that was very deep. There he saw an old woman and her peacock trying to get across.

"Climb on my back, and I will carry you over," said Jason.

He waded into the water, and carried the old woman safely across. But he lost one of his shoes.

"Never mind, Jason," the old woman said, "your lost shoe will bring you good luck. Thank you for helping me across."

Then she was gone. Jason went on until he came to the palace. The king did not know him, but he turned pale when he saw that Jason had on only one shoe. This king had been told that a man wearing only one shoe would take the kingdom from him.



Jason went up to the king. "I have come for my kingdom," he said.

The king looked at Jason a moment, and said, "How would you get rid of a person that was likely to do you great harm?"

"I should send him to bring me the golden fleece," said Jason.

"Then you must bring it to me," the king said.

"I shall bring the fleece," said Jason, "or I shall never come back."

The wicked king now thought that he was rid of Jason, for no one had ever come back from a search for the golden fleece.

hero	noses	rowed	afraid	promise
tasks	fifty	unless	mouths	finished

THE SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

II

Jason then built a large boat, and asked his friends to go with him over the sea. There were in all fifty of these brave men.

They rowed for many days, and at last came to the land where the golden fleece was. There it hung on the oak, and looked more beautiful than ever.

Jason went to the king of this land, and asked for the fleece. "You can not have it," said the king, "unless you first plow a field with my oxen."

These oxen were hard to drive. Fire and smoke came out of their mouths and noses. But Jason was not afraid. He yoked the oxen, and plowed the field.

The king gave Jason other hard tasks also, but the hero soon finished them all. "Now you must give me the golden fleece," he said to the king.

"You will have to wait," said the king. "You can not have the fleece until to-morrow." He had made a plan to kill Jason that night.

But Jason did not wait. He went that night to get the golden fleece. The great dragon that guarded it was lying under the oak.

Jason was ready for this dragon. He first gave it something to put it to sleep, and then he carried off the fleece.

It was not long before the hero came to the shore where his friends were. All got into the boat again, and rowed off.

When they came to Jason's kingdom, the wicked king was more alarmed than ever. Jason went to him at once with the golden fleece, and said, "I have kept my promise, and you must now keep yours."

This made the wicked king so much afraid that he ran away. Then Jason became king.

GREEK LEGEND.



dirt
gnaw
glove
auger



bored
break
weeks
stuffed

striped

chipmunk

buckskin

A SQUIRREL TALK.

I

"Look! there is a chipmunk, Harry," said his cousin Ned.

A striped squirrel ran along an old log by the side of the road.

"There is an odd thing about the chipmunk," Ned went on. "His hole is as round as if bored by an auger, and there is never a bit of dirt about the mouth."

"What becomes of it all?" asked Harry.

"The hole goes straight down a little way, and then winds off under ground. At the farther end is his nest and winter storehouse.

"You have seen his cheeks stuffed out sometimes, like pockets, full of nuts or corn. That is the way he carries food into his nest. I think that he

must bring out the dirt in the same way when he is making the hole.

"There are black squirrels in this country. You have seen them, have you not?"

"Yes," said Harry. "I once saw a black squirrel eating walnuts. I should think that they would break their teeth sometimes."

Ned laughed. "The squirrels would not thank you if you were to break the nuts for them. Indeed, they have to gnaw, gnaw, all the time, but it is best for them. It keeps their teeth from growing too long.

"If they should stop gnawing for six weeks, their teeth would have grown so long that they could not close their mouths. If you ever catch a squirrel, you will find that his teeth are sharp enough to go through a buckskin glove."

fork	than	twigs	fellow	space
flat	skin	loose	hollow	stretches

A SQUIRREL TALK.

II

"Ho! there's a gray squirrel, now. See, he has a nut in his mouth. Watch him! Did you ever see

one of their nests, Harry?"

"No, I never did."

"They make them of twigs and leaves in the hollow of an old tree, or in the fork of some big tree. There they stay when it is wet, for they like to be dry and clean."



"I saw one in a cage in a store," said Harry.

"It was turning a wheel so fast that one could hardly see it."

"I would not keep a squirrel in a cage. I would have him outside where I could play with him."

"Did you ever catch one?" asked Harry.

"No," said Ned, "but a friend of mine once had two flying squirrels. They were fine little fellows, with beautiful fur of a light-brown color. They had dark stripes on the sides, and were white under."

"Is it true that they can fly?"

"I will tell you about that. Between the legs of this squirrel is a loose fold of skin. When the squirrel wants to pass to another tree, he spreads



his four legs, and stretches this skin until he makes himself almost flat.

“He then runs to the top of the tree, and springs into the air. He does not fly, but with the help of this fold can pass over a great deal more space than he could have jumped across.”

“I have seen red squirrels, too,” said Harry.

“Yes, they are very pretty,” said Ned. “They will take anything that they can lay hold of. They find nuts out here in the woods, and corn at the barn. They steal robins’ eggs too, if they can find them.”



Copy these sentences :

1. How fond he is of the bark of trees !
2. What a bright cradle 'twould be !
3. Oh, I have it !

Find or make other sentences that show surprise, wonder, pleasure, or pain.

maple	bloom	forget
storms	gloom	stirred

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

“ Oh, where are you going, my dear little bird ?
 And why do you hurry away ?
 Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
 In the sweet golden sunshine to-day.”

“ I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
 And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
 But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
 Has come to my children and me.

“ So, good-by to you, darling, for off we must go,
 To the land where the oranges bloom,
 For we birdies would freeze in the storms and
 the snow,
 And forget how to sing in the gloom.”

“ Will you ever come back to your own little nest ?”
 “ Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
 We'll return to the orchard we all love the best,
 And then we will sing to you, dear.”

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

won	spun	Robert	Bruce	thread
army	fight	swung	battle	seventh

ROBERT BRUCE.

Six times King Robert Bruce had gone into battle at the head of his army. Six times he had lost the battle.

His soldiers were brave and strong, but his army was not large enough. The king that he had to fight had a much larger army.

After the last of these battles, the king hid away in a small house in the woods. Early one morning he was thinking of all that had happened. "I do not know what to do," he said to himself. "I fear that I shall have to give up my country and go away across the sea."

Just then he saw a little spider making a web. She had spun a long fine thread, and now she hung at the end of it. Six times she tried to swing this thread to the next beam, but every time she failed.

"That is just as often as I have tried," said Bruce. "If the spider tries again, and does not fail, I shall try again."

The spider did try again. This time the thread swung to the right place and stayed there.

Bruce was glad. He left the house in the woods, and began to bring his army together. Then they marched again to fight the other king.

The seventh time Robert Bruce and his soldiers did not fail. They won the battle, and the other king and his army had to go back to their own country.

So a tiny spider had helped a king.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (Adapted).

God	leak	Peter	stream	wonder
waves	dike	saved	errand	mended

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

Peter had been doing an errand for his mother. She had told him to come home early. Now he was running along the dike, thinking of the nice supper that would be ready for him at home.

The dike was a great wall of stones and earth. The men had built it to keep the sea from coming over the land.

Peter could hear the waves on the other side of the wall. "You must stay on your side, old sea," he said. "If you were to flow over here, you would drown us, and wash away our houses and gardens."

The little boy knew that his father and many other men kept working at the wall all the time. This was to make it strong, so that the water could not break through.

"What is that?" Peter heard a strange sound. Then he saw that a little stream of water was pouring through the wall. In a short time it would make a big hole, and the sea would then sweep in.

He could not cover the hole with his hands. What should he do? Quickly he pulled off his coat, and held it with both hands against the hole.

Soon the water stopped running in. But it would not do for Peter to move his hands. He hoped that somebody would come. The sun went down, and all grew dark.

How cold and hungry he was! He began to think again of the warm supper at home. "I wonder if I shall die," thought Peter.

At home his mother kept watching for him. It was strange to her that he should be so late.

When Peter's father came, she told him of the errand. "It is not like Peter to stay away," she said.



The father and his friends took lights, and went in search of the little boy. They did not find him that night. Early the next morning some men saw him. The brave lad was nearly frozen, but he was still in his place.

They mended the wall quickly, and carried the child home.

"Your son has saved the land!" they shouted to Peter's parents. "And God has saved your son."

PHOEBE CARY (Adapted).

lea	trace	pools	shadow
flee	trout	hazel	steepest
	chirp	hawthorn	clustering

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lea,—
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,—
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
 There to trace the homeward bee,—
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,—
 That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

huge	bowl	reach	hundred
club	wore	floated	Hercules
even	deeds	touched	shoulders

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

I

Long ago there lived a hero by the name of Hercules. He was a very strong and brave man, and did many great deeds.

Over his shoulders he wore the skin of a fierce lion that he had killed. He carried a huge club, and he also had a bow and arrows.

The king once sent Hercules to find three golden apples and bring them back. These apples grew in a fairy garden a long way off.

As Hercules went on his way to the garden, every one that he met told him to return home.

"Go back," the people said. "Even if you reach the garden, the dragon will kill you."

Near a river Hercules stopped to talk with some maidens. They, too, told him about the dragon.

"What is the dragon like?" asked Hercules.

"It has a hundred heads," one girl said, "and is put there to guard the apples."

“Fifty of the heads are always on the watch, while the other fifty sleep,” said another.



“I am not afraid,” said Hercules. “Now I must go.”

When Hercules came to the sea, he saw a great golden bowl tossing on the waves. The bowl was as large as a boat, and floated to the shore.

Hercules climbed into this bowl. Then he spread out his lion skin, and lay down on it to sleep.

Away over the sea floated his boat, but the hero did not awake until the bowl again touched land.

gift	giant	twenty	caught	nobody
haste	sprang	halloo	single	pleasant

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

II

In a moment Hercules sprang out. "Now I must look for the giant," he said, "for he will tell me the way."

"Halloo!" said a voice.

Looking up, Hercules caught sight of the giant. My, what a huge fellow he was! Truly he was as tall as a mountain. There he stood holding the world on his shoulders, for, you know, that was his work.

"What do you want?" asked the giant.

"I want three golden apples for the king," said Hercules.

"The dragon will kill you," said the giant. "Nobody can go to the garden but me, and I have to hold up the world."

"Let me hold the world," said Hercules.

This was just what the giant wanted. How glad he was to be free! It was his first rest for a hundred years. He stretched himself and started off.

Ten miles the giant went at a single step. He waded into the sea. Ten miles more and ten miles more, and Hercules could no longer see him.

Soon the world grew heavy on the shoulders of the hero, and he wished for the giant's return.

The giant was not in any haste. He was finding it very pleasant to be free. But after some time he came in sight.

Hercules was on the watch for him. Sure enough, the giant had the three golden apples. These he was tossing about twenty miles up into the air and catching as they came down.

Then the giant gave the apples to Hercules, and again took the world on his shoulders.

Hercules went back to the palace and laid his gift before the king.

GREEK LEGEND.

Copy these sentences :

1. Put on your shoes, Timothy.
2. Follow just as the arrows lead.
3. Be always good and gay.
4. Go back, or you will surely be killed.

Find or make other sentences that tell persons to do something.

gate	hound	hurrah	pudding	pumpkin
trot	sleigh	dapple	drifted	extremely

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
 To grandfather's house we go ;
 The horse knows the way
 To carry the sleigh
 Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray !
 Spring over the ground,
 Like a hunting hound !
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
 And straight through the barn-yard gate,
 We seem to go
 Extremely slow—
 It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
 Now grandmother's cap I spy !
 Hurrah for the fun !
 Is the pudding done ?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie !

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

beat	fleet	market	Florida
Ruth	glass	bucket	sponges
rakes	negro	bottom	Key West



SPONGES.

Ruth and Mark were at Key West in Florida with their father and mother. One day the children rowed out to see the sponging fleet. These are the boats that gather sponges.

An old sponger kindly told the children about the sponges. "Did you ever hear of a water-glass?" he asked.

"No," said Ruth, "I never did."

"Here is one. Perhaps you would like to look at it." And he showed them what looked like a wooden bucket with a glass bottom. "Just hold it a little way down in the water, and see what you can see."

Ruth took the bucket and looked. "Oh, I can see the bottom of the sea just as clearly as looking through a window."

"To be sure," said the old sponger. "That is the way that we see the sponges lying on the bottom. Then we take these long rakes and draw the sponges to the top."

"When the sponges first come up, they are black. We throw them all into a pond of clear water. After they have stayed there for some time, we stir them up and beat them. That is to make them clean."

"Then the sponges have to be washed and dried and trimmed. After that they are ready to send to market."

Before Ruth and Mark went home, they saw a funny sight. They saw little negro boys diving deep into the water to bring up sponges that the rakes had missed.

KIRK MUNROE (*Adapted*).

war	George	angry	chairs	British
sting	flight	twelve	clatter	Carolina

THE BOY, THE BEES, AND THE BRITISH.

More than a hundred years ago, there was a great war in our land. King George had sent his soldiers from England to fight our soldiers.

The king's army was called the British army, and was very strong. His soldiers had won many battles.

But the people of our land were very brave, and were not afraid to fight the king's army. Nearly all the men and big boys went to the war as good American soldiers.

In North Carolina a boy, who was only twelve years old, was one day plowing in a field. His father had gone to the war, and the boy was working to help his mother.

All at once this boy heard a great clatter. He looked down the road, and there he saw an army of British soldiers coming. The boy left the horse and plow in the field, and ran to the house.

"Run!" he cried. "Run! the British are coming! Here they come right down the road."

The women ran to the woods to hide. There were only twelve men and boys at home, but they all brought out guns and got ready to fight.



There were four hundred of the British soldiers. Soon they came up, and began to rob the houses. They took everything that there was to eat. They took even the beds and chairs.

They carried off the corn, and began to drive away the cows, and pigs, and chickens.

But just then a queer army came to help the Americans. Somebody upset a beehive. Out came the queen bee and all her army. Buzz! buzz! buzz! Who upset that hive? She had never been so angry before in all her life.

The bees flew at the British soldiers. Buzz! buzz! buzz! Sting! sting! sting! The Americans fired their guns, and the British began to run.

More bees came out of the other hives to help, and the British had to run faster. Soon they were out of sight. And that is how twelve Americans with the help of the bees put to flight four hundred British soldiers.

LUTIE ANDREWS McCORKLE (Adapted).



knob	taste	eaten	brush	neither
shelf	table	rough	locked	middle-si y d

THE THREE BEARS.

I

Tiny Bear Mother, mother, Black Frost has been in the woods, and the chestnuts are falling out of the

burrs this morning! May I go out and gather some?

Idle-Sized Bear Just in a moment, Tiny. As soon as I have made the pudding, your father and I will go with you. Now bring three bowls from the shelf. I will put the pudding in to cool.

My Bear Here is the huge bowl for Father, here is the middle-sized bowl for you, and here is the tiny one for me.



Idle-Sized Bear Thank you. I am ready. Tell your father.

My Bear I must brush my coat first. Farmer White's apple tree always makes my fur rough, and I was in his orchard so late last night, that I could not see to brush my coat when I came home.

[Just after the bears leave the house, Golden-hair comes in.]

Golden-hair What a pretty house! It looks like a play house. I wonder who lives here.

Nobody answers my rap. Can any one live here? I shall look in the keyhole.

I do not see any one. I shall turn the knob just a little. Oh, the door is not locked. I shall go in. Oh, this is a beautiful house!

There is some pudding on the table. How hungry I am! I shall eat some out of this huge

bowl. Ah, it is too hot! I shall taste this in the middle-sized bowl. No, I do not like this. It is too cold.

Oh, here is a tiny bowl! I think this will do. How good it is! It is neither too hot nor too cold. There, I have eaten it all up. It was just enough.

Now I shall sit down in this huge chair and take a rest. That is too hard.

I shall try this middle-sized chair. No, it is too soft.



Here is a tiny chair that is just the right size. I shall sit in it. How nice it is!

Oh, oh, oh! the seat has come out. It is a wonder that I was not hurt.

lying

pillow

perhaps

spoon

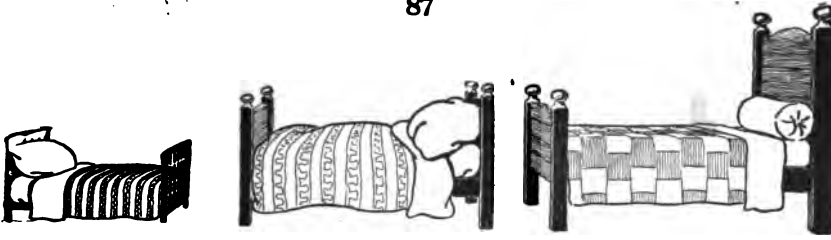
bolster

somebody

THE THREE BEARS.

II

Golden-hair I am sleepy. I shall go up-stairs. Perhaps there are beds up there. What fun to climb up



into this huge one! Oh, I can't sleep here! The bolster is too hard for me.

The middle-sized bed will be better. Yes, the pillow is just right, but the bed is too soft for me.

What a dear little bed! It is just right, so I shall take a good sleep.

[As soon as Golden-hair falls asleep, the three bears come in.]

ge Bear HERE IS A SPOON IN MY BOWL. SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PUDDING.

Idle-Sized Bear HERE IS A SPOON IN MY BOWL. SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PUDDING.

y Bear OH, HERE IS A SPOON IN MY BOWL! SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PUDDING, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP.

ge Bear WE MUST FIND OUT WHO HAS BEEN HERE. LET US SIT DOWN AND REST. OH, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!

Idle-Sized Bear SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!

y Bear SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OF IT OUT!

ge Bear TR MUST SOMEBODY IN OUR HOUSE. LET US OK. OH, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN PULLED THE BOLSTER OUT OF



Middle-Sized Bear SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED, AND
PULLED THE PILLOW OUT OF PLACE.

Tiny Bear SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED,—AND HERE SHE IS. OH, OH, OH!
IT'S A LITTLE GIRL. SHE SPRANG RIGHT OUT OF THE WINDOW. YOU CAN CATCH
HER, FATHER!

Huge Bear No, we'll let her run away. Oh, that is
Farmer White's little Golden-hair. We must not
touch her at all.

This is Farmer White's wood. —If anything
happened to Golden-hair, Farmer John would
bring his gun, and drive us away, far from his
apples and honey.

Copy :—

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

SARA COLERIDGE.

February,—fortnights two,—
Briefest of the months are you.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*Write the names of all the months of the year, beginning with
the first.*

robed	loading	cunning	spotless
angels	whirling	creatures	powdering

SNOWFLAKES.

Tiny little snowflakes,
 In the air so high,
 Are you little angels,
 Floating in the sky?

Robed so white and spotless,
 Flying like a dove,
 Are you little creatures
 From the world above?

Whirling on the sidewalk,
 Dancing in the street,
 Kissing all the faces
 Of the children sweet.

Loading all the housetops,
 Powdering all the trees,—
 Cunning little snowflakes,
 Little busy bees!

LUCY LARCOM.

Make a list of the words in this poem that end in ing.



iron	peach
island	punish
Prince	monkey
husband	treasures
choose	dumplings

PEACH PRINCE.

I

In a stream one day, a good old woman found a peach floating. She took it home to share with her

husband. Just when they were ready to cut it, the peach fell in two, and out stepped a little boy.

The little boy was the Peach Prince. The old man and woman took good care of him, and he soon grew to be very strong.

Long before the little boy came, some giants had robbed the old man of his treasures. These they had taken to their island in the sea. Peach Prince made up his mind to punish the giants and get the treasures back.

"Mother," said the Peach Prince to the old woman, "will you please make me some dumplings?"

The dumplings were soon made. The Prince put them into a basket, took his iron club, called his little dog, and started.

As he went along, he met a monkey. "Where are you going, Peach Prince?" asked the monkey.

Peach Prince told him.

"Give me a dumpling, and I will go with you," said the monkey.

Peach Prince gave him a dumpling.

Then they met a bird. "Where are you going, Peach Prince?" asked the bird.

Peach Prince told him.

"Give me a dumpling, and I will go with you," said the bird.

Peach Prince gave him a dumpling. Then the Prince went on with his three friends.

When they came to the shore of the sea, they found a boat big enough for Peach Prince, the dog, and the monkey.

While they got into the boat and rowed to the island, the bird flew ahead to choose a place for them to land.

oars
cave

ahead
magic

splash
pearls

coral
scratched



PEACH PRINCE.

II

In a short time the Prince and his little army were at the door of the giant's cave. The giant tried to fight hard, but the dog bit him, the monkey climbed on his back and scratched him, and the bird flew in his face.

Peach Prince beat the giant with his iron club, until the giant begged for his life, and promised

to give back the treasures. So the Prince let him off.

The king giant then made all the other giants bring out the treasures. These were a magic coat and hat, gold and silver, coral and pearls, and many other beautiful things.

The giants put the treasures into the boat. Then Peach Prince and his army rowed away. Splash! splash! went their oars.

There stood the old man and woman on the shore, waiting for them. Soon the Peach Prince, the army, and the treasures were safe, for the giant did not dare to come again to the shore.

JAPANESE LEGEND.

wits

alone

belfry

whirring

THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits
The white owl in the belfry sits.

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

June	slats	voices	charge	gizzards
thaw	thief	acorns	cinders	corn-crib



THE BLUE JAY.

Blue Jay is a bird that often stays in the north through the winter. He has a harder time doing this than the crows have. Mr. Crow will eat fish and meat, but Blue Jay lives mostly on nuts.

A flock of jays came to an ash-heap one morning. It had just been made bare by the thaw. They found little in the ash-heap but cinders.

It may be that the cinders were just what the jays wanted for their gizzards. They had taken corn nearly all winter from a friend's corn-crib, and they may have needed new millstones.

They had reached the corn through the opening between the slats. The crows had not dared go to the crib, because they were afraid of the farmer.

Blue Jay carries off chestnuts and acorns, and hides them here and there upon the ground.

He puts only one nut in a place, and covers it up with grass and leaves.

This bird is a robber of the nests of other birds, but they have nearly all found out his trick.

When he comes slipping through the trees in May and June in search of eggs, they quickly punish him.

It is funny to see the robins drive him out of the tree that holds their nest. They cry, "Thief, thief!" at the top of their voices as they charge upon him. Blue Jay calls the robins names, too, but he makes off as fast as he can.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

harm	Troy	Æolus	chose	Ulysses
east	wrong	rushed	toward	mischief



ULYSSES AND THE WINDS.

For ten long years Ulysses and his soldiers had been fighting at Troy. Now the war was over, and they were all going home.

As their home was on an island in the sea, they had to go in boats.

Æolus, the king of the winds, lived on another island. He kept the winds shut up in a cave, so that they could not do harm by blowing at the wrong time.

Ulysses stopped to see his friend Æolus. "I should like to have a good wind that will blow our boats straight home," he said.

"With all my heart," said Æolus. "Here is a bag filled with winds. You shall have it, and then you can choose any wind that you please."

Ulysses first chose the west wind, and gayly it blew the boats toward home.

For eight days and nights Ulysses stayed awake to see that all was right. By that time they were in sight of their own island.

"Now all is well, and I shall sleep," said Ulysses.

No sooner was Ulysses asleep, than his men got into mischief. They had seen the queer bag. "It must hold treasures," they said, "for Ulysses guards it with so much care."

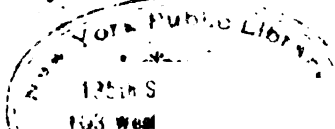
Then they opened the bag. Out rushed all the winds, and over the sea they flew.

The north wind made a fierce storm, the east wind brought rain, the sea was filled with huge waves, and the poor boats were driven far away.

They were driven so far, that ten years more rolled round before Ulysses reached his island.

By that time all of his men and boats were lost, and a friendly king had to send him home.

HOMER (Adapted).



ere Emily parlor clothed stockings
tune merrily though already chick-a-dee

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by, on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song :
"Oh, sister, look out of the window!" said she,
"Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-dee-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little coat, and a hat if he choose ;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee !

Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee !"

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell
 who,
 Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too ;
 Good-morning !—oh, who are so happy as we ?”
 And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee ;
 Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee ;
 And away he went, singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

else loons beaver joked weather
 hot hooted change journey comfortable

THE COLD COUNTRY.

I

Ever so many days ago, and ever so far away,
 it was always summer. There the trees were
 green, the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang all
 the time.

The beaver built dams, and
 winter came to freeze them. The
 owl hooted, and the squirrel
 played and ate all the year. The
 foxes joked with the bears. And
 the loons sang to the stars all the night.



653459

No one ate anyone else, for every one was merry and happy. But at last everything and everybody grew tired of being so happy.

"Ah me!" said the bear, "I get so fat, that it would be as easy to roll as to walk!"



"Just so," said the trees. "What a bore to have to make leaves all the time!"

Only the owl said, "I'm comfortable," and shook his feathers in a lazy way, and went to sleep again.

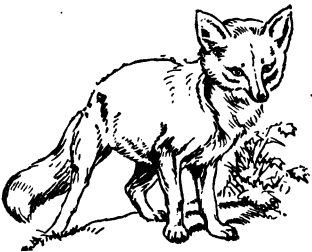
Then the fox said, "Let us go in search of cool weather, and bring back a little by way of a change."

At last they agreed to send the beaver, the loon, the owl, and the fox.

After a long journey, they came to the palace of the king of the weather.

"What now?" said he.

"Sir," said the beaver, "I am tired of summer and of building dams. Tell us where we can buy a little cold to take home for a change."



“And I,” said the fox, “I always find it too hot.”

“For my part,” cried the loon, “give me fewer feathers or else a little cold. As for the trees, they have no rest at making leaves.”

“I’m comfortable,” said the owl.

toes	bites	naked	stained	animals
tore	threw	stump	become	blankets

THE COLD COUNTRY.

II

“Well,” said the king, “I will send you to the cold country. And you may each take home a bag of cold to your friends.”

So they set out, and soon they were in the cold land.

“Dear me!” said the beaver.

“Let us fill our bags and be off,” said the fox.

“Here is too much cold for me,” said the owl. “Boo-hoo, how it bites my toes!”

Then they filled their bags with cold and started home. When they came to the king, he said, “What now?”



"Too much cold," said the beaver.

"I think that one bag will do," said the fox.

"My toes are frozen," said the owl.

"Could you not help us to carry the cold home?" asked the loon.

Then the king was very angry. He tore the sunset out of the west, and threw it into their country.

And lo! it stained some of the trees yellow and some red and some brown.

The trees were so frightened, that they let their leaves fall.

The king next took up the bags of cold and threw them after the sunset. As they flew, they broke, and the white cold fell in little fleecy blankets on the naked trees and on the land.

When the animals reached home, the fox ran into his den in the rocks.

The beaver cried, "The water has become white stone!"



The loon sang a song to the stars, flew up into the sky, and sailed away and away.

The owl said, "I'm comfortable," and fell asleep in a hollow stump.

S. WEIR MITCHELL (Adapted).

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I know not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.
 I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I know not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This letter was written by Mr. Longfellow when he was seven years old:

Portland, January, 1814.

Dear Papa,—Ann wants a Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one if you can find any in Boston?

I have been to school all the week and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday.

I wish you to buy me a drum.

H. W. L.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is often called "The Children's Poet." His first home was in Portland, Me., "the beautiful town" in "My Lost Youth." He afterwards lived in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Longfellow wrote some prose, but most of his time was given to poetry. Among his poems are "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Burial of the Minniskink," "Pegasus in Pound," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Builders," "The Norman Baron," "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "Sandalphon," "Courtship of Miles Standish."

gentle
cardinal
fourteen

dull
tints

crest
cross

snake
states
throat



THE CARDINAL BIRD.

This beautiful bird has three or four names, but we know him best as the redbird. He lives in all the states of the South, and in some of those of the North.

He is a bright red to the tip of his back. He wears a beautiful crest, and has a black face and throat. His mate has a red beak, and red tints on her dull robe.

Both the cardinal and his wife are singers. He is much the louder, but she has the sweeter song. The poor birds come to harm from their singing, for they are often caught and kept in cages.

While nesting, the cardinals are cross. They are ready to fight any one that touches their nest.

If a snake comes about, all the birds will fly at him with loud cries. They will even fight him if he does not leave.

The nest of these birds is not very high in a tree or bush. They are very shy about it. If it is touched by any one, the birds will nearly always leave it.

Two cardinals once built their nest close to a kitchen door. They were so used to the people that they were not afraid.

One who lived in that house was a boy fourteen years old. He was so gentle with the birds, that they would even feed their little ones when he was standing beside them.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER (*Adapted*).

Write the name of the place in which you live.

Write a letter to your father about the cardinal bird.

Write a letter to your teacher about a game that you play.

palm	peace	hatred	courage
peak	dread	solemn	patient
pity	broods	sorrow	Christmas

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
 Christmas in lands of fir tree and pine ;
 Christmas in lands of palm tree and vine ;
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and
 white ;

Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright :
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay ;
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray ;
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight :
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
 Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
 Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for
 right,
 Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the
 light,

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

edge bought Africa leopard village
 slept inside instead mistake cackling



WATCHING FOR A LEOPARD IN AFRICA.

The house that I lived in was at the end of the village. One night I heard a great cackling among my chickens. They were perched on a tree near my house.

I thought that some one was trying to steal some of my hens, so I stepped into the yard. Lo, there I was face to face with a big leopard!

How huge he looked! I stood quite still for a minute or two. So did the leopard.

All at once I made a rush for the door, shut myself inside, and got my gun. Now I felt strong

with my gun in hand, and so looked out for Mr. Leopard. The great beast had gone. I think that he must have been as much frightened as I.

The next day I bought a goat, and tied it to a tree just at the edge of the forest. At night I took my gun, and went and sat under a large tree that was near the goat.

One hour passed away. No leopard. Two hours. No leopard. Three hours. Nothing. I began to feel tired. Then I think that I must have gone to sleep, for I looked up, and the goat was not there.

I rubbed my eyes, for I was not sure of them. No goat was to be seen. My wonder was great when I saw the tracks of the leopard.

There was no mistake about it. The leopard had come and carried away the goat while I was fast asleep.

Just think of it! I must have slept almost two hours. I was glad that the leopard had taken the goat instead of taking me.

As I came to know more about leopards, I found that they do not often leave their dens before one o'clock at night, unless they are very hungry.

PAUL DU CHAILLU (*Adapted*).



moss hoofs babies wolves Eskimos
snug hoods months shaggy reindeer

THE SNOW BABY.

I

In the winter in the far North there is no sun at all.

For four long, long months it is dark there all the time. Day and night are just the same as night is here. Only the moon and stars then give light.

The ground is covered with snow. Through this the poor deer have to dig with their hoofs for a few bites of grass and moss.

The sea is covered with ice five or six feet thick. The birds fly away, and most of the other animals go off to open water.

Only a few hungry bears and the Eskimos with their dogs are left.

The cold is so great that even the bears would freeze in an hour, if it were not for their warm fur coats. The blankets of fat under their coats also help to keep them from freezing.

Here in this strange land, in a little black house, once lived a little snow-white baby with big blue eyes.

The bed upon which the baby lay was covered with soft warm reindeer skins. The cold of the long night could not get through these skins. So the baby was always snug and warm.

When the strange people of the land heard about the white baby, they came to see her. Men, women, and children came hundreds of miles in sleighs drawn by shaggy dogs that looked like wolves.

These people are brown, with black shaggy hair, and dress in furs both in summer and winter. They wanted to touch the white baby to see if she was warm, and not made of snow.

She made friends with all the queer little brown babies sticking their heads out of their mothers' hoods.

The Eskimo babies have no cradle or anything of the kind.

They are carried all the time in great fur hoods on the backs of their mothers.



team	suit	bushy	sledge	Lassie
whip	guide	lumps	popped	master

THE SNOW BABY.

II

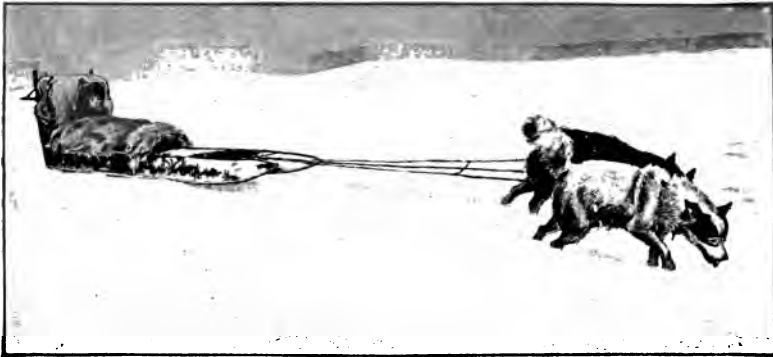
At last one day the great yellow sun popped up above the tops of the mountains. It covered everything with the brightest sunlight.

The little Snow Baby was asleep when the sun first looked into the room. In a few minutes she woke up.

How the big blue eyes did open at the strange sight! How she laughed and jumped, and stretched

her little hands out into the yellow light. It was the first time that she had ever seen the sun.

On every pleasant day after this she was dressed in her little fur suit, slipped into her deerskin bag, and carried out.



But she grew so fast, that very soon she was too heavy for her mother to carry.

Then some dogs and a little Eskimo sledge were brought for her. A snug box, just large enough for her to sit in, was put on the sledge.

After that the Snow Baby had a ride every day. You should have seen her team of dogs with their bright eyes, sharp ears, and big bushy tails.

They were called "Lassie" and "Lady." Sometimes they would walk along with heads

and tails up, every now and then looking round at the baby.

Then at the crack of the whip, they would dash off at a gallop. The driver would run beside the sledge, and guide it past the rocks and lumps of ice.

The dogs always seemed to know that they were drawing a little baby, for they never tried to run away, as they often did with their Eskimo masters.

JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH PEARY (*Adapted*).

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The sun is gone down,
 And the moon's in the sky;
 But the sun will come up,
 And the moon be laid by.

The flower is asleep,
 But it is not dead;
 When the morning shines
 It will lift its head.

(GEORGE MACDONALD.

Copy the poem. Write words that rhyme with sky, down, and head.

fuss
rail
romp
blade
April
nooks



our
wrens
frogs
since
tangles
sparrows

THE BIRDS AND I.

The spring time belongs to the birds and me.
We own it.

We know when the Mayflowers and the butter-
cups bloom. We know when the first frogs peep.
We watch the opening of the woods. We are wet
by the warm April rains.

We go where we will, and we are friends.
Every tree and brook and blade of grass is ours;
and our hearts are full of song.

There are boys who kill the birds, and girls who
want to catch them and put them in cages, and

there are others who steal their eggs. The birds are not friends with them; they are only servants.

Birds, like people, sing for their friends, not for their masters. I am sure that one cannot think much of the spring time and the flowers, if his heart is always set on catching something. We are happy when we are free, and so are the birds.

The birds and I get to know each other all over again every spring. They have seen strange lands in the winter, and all the brooks and the woods have been covered with snow.

So we run and romp together, and find all the nooks and corners, which we have not seen since October. The birds know the old places.

The wrens pull the sticks from the old hollow rail, and seem to be wild with joy to see the place again.

They must be the same wrens that were here last year and the year before. Strangers could not make so much fuss over an old rail.

The bluebirds and wrens look into every crack and corner for a place in which to build. The robins and the chipping-sparrows peep into every tree in the old orchard.

If the birds want to live with us, we should give them a chance. The first thing to do is to let them alone. Let them be as free from fear as you or I.

Take the hammer off the old gun, and give pussy so much to eat that she will not care to hunt for birds. Keep away the boys that steal eggs, and carry guns, and throw stones.

Plant trees and bushes about the place, and let some of them grow into tangles.

LIBERTY H. BAILEY (Adapted).



sown	droop	dancing
alive	shoot	branches
stoop	plumy	withered

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

“You think I am dead,”
 The apple tree said,
 “Because I have never a
 leaf to show;
 Because I stoop,
 And my branches droop,
 And the dull gray mosses
 over me grow.”

But I am alive in trunk and root;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away,—
 But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“You think I am dead,”
 The quick grass said,
 “Because I have parted with stem and blade;
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound,
 With the snow’s thick blanket over me laid.
 I’m all alive, and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here,—
 But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
 A soft voice said,
 “Because not a branch or a root I own.
 I never have died,
 But close I hide
 In the plummy seed that the wind has sown.
 Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
 You will see me again,—
 I shall laugh at you then,
 Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

EDITH M. THOMAS

David	bubble	wrinkles	brightness
globe	cobweb	sparkling	click-clock

DAVID'S TRIP TO THE MOON.

David looked up. The moon had not risen any farther out of the water. There it hung above the edge of the world. It was almost round and almost full, like a great bubble of brightness.

David next found himself running across what seemed to be sparkling silver grass. Everything shone around him, and he felt the light rise up against his eyes and face.

He felt so happy that he did not know what to do. He skipped and played just as a lamb skips and plays on the grass.

It seemed to David as though the moon was coming toward him. It seemed to grow bigger and bigger, but he was only getting closer and closer to the moon. It was no longer like a bubble. It was a great round globe of light.

Almost before he knew it, David was at the edge of the world. And there was the moon rising above him as big as a church. He stood quite still and looked up at it.

Click-clock ! What was that ? A half-door opened, and there stood a little old man. He was as gray as the evening. He had long white hair



and queer clothes. His face was covered all over with cobwebs of silver wrinkles. It was the Man-in-the-moon, and he was smoking a long pipe of tobacco.

"How do you do, David ?" said he. "Will you come in ?"

"Yes," said David, "I should like to."

"That is good," said the Man-in-the-moon. And

he opened the other half of the door. "Now ! Give me your hand."

The Man-in-the-moon reached down to David, and David reached up to the Man-in-the-moon. "Now, then ! A long step," said the Man-in-the-moon. And there was David in the door-way of the moon-house.

Then the moon rose slowly, slowly, up into the sky and floated away. And the Man-in-the-moon shut the door, click-clock !

folk	wanes	bundle	breath	twinkle
mist	bunch	polish	glowed	nonsense

DAVID'S WORK IN THE MOON.

"Come, David," said the Man-in-the-moon, "it is time for your work now. To-morrow night you shall see something new."

Then the Man-in-the-moon led David up to the third story of the moon-house. There was nothing above him but the hollow sky.

The first thing that David saw was a great basket full of stars of all kinds. Some shone white, and some blue, and some rosy red. The



light shone from them, so that all about was a mist of brightness.

Beside the basket was a bundle of lamb's wool.

"There is your work," said the Man-in-the-moon. "It is to polish the stars with lamb's wool, so that they may shine brightly when the moon wanes, and the sky is dark once more."

David sat down on the wooden bench, and took up a big star. He blew his breath upon it, and rubbed it with lamb's wool. As he rubbed, the star grew brighter and brighter, and glowed with light as though it were alive.

David did not know how beautiful a star could

be until he held it in his own hand and rubbed it with lamb's wool.

I dare say that there are some wise folk who will tell you that this is all nonsense. All that you have to do then is to look up into the sky when the moon is full.

There you will see for yourself that there are hardly any stars to be seen. Those few are so dull and dim that they hardly twinkle at all.

That is because somebody in the moon is polishing the others with lamb's wool to make them bright for the time when the sky is dark again.

HOWARD PYLE (Adapted).

Fill blanks so as to tell what is done by more than one :

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. The beaver builds dams. | The beavers — dams. |
| 2. The owl hoots. | The owls —. |
| 3. The tree makes leaves. | The trees — leaves. |
| 4. The leopard eats chickens. | The leopards — chickens. |
| 5. The bear likes chestnuts. | The bears — chestnuts. |

Fill blanks so as to tell what is done by one :

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 6. The wrens know the place. | The wren — the place. |
| 7. The cardinals are red. | The cardinal — red. |
| 8. The blue jays steal. | The blue jay —. |
| 9. The bees sting. | The bee —. |

elm
 foe
 shape
 oriole
 fibers
 slings
 twines
 cotton
 fastens
 lullaby
 Baltimore
 hammock



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

Many persons call this oriole the firebird, because he is so deep an orange on some parts. Others call him the hang-bird from the way he slings his nest.

His home is a kind of hammock. It is deep, and is made in the shape of a pocket to keep the babies from falling out.

This nest Mrs. Oriole herself twines. She makes it of plant fibers and of strings of cotton or wool. She fastens it to the end of a strong twig high above the ground.

These birds like the elm tree best of all. It is not easy for cats or House People to climb far out on the branches.

Up there the eggs and young are safely rocked by the wind and covered by the leaves. A cat may look at a king, and also at an oriole's nest. But the looking will not do her much good, for she cannot do anything else.

A LULLABY.

Rains beat! winds blow!
 Safe the nest in the elm tree.
 Days come! Nights go!
 Birds at rest in the elm tree.
 To-and-fro, to-and-fro,
 Safe are we from every foe—
 Orioles in the elm tree.
 Cats come! Cats go!
 Lullaby in the elm tree.

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

wags	lead	badly	strike
weights	bullets	treated	courthouse

THE OLD TOWN CLOCK.

Would you like to know how I came to live here? It is quite a story. I was given to the town by King George almost a hundred and fifty years ago.

I came all the way from England to this little town¹ in North Carolina. At first they put me in the church tower.

After some time I was moved to the market house. There I stood on the roof, and kept time for the people when the great war was going on.

You wish to ask, "Did you work all that time?"

¹ Hillsborough.



No, I did not. Once for a little while my tongue was still, and my hands did not move.

That was at the close of the great war. The Americans had no lead to make bullets. Then somebody thought of me. So they came and took my weights, which were made of lead. This lead they melted and made into bullets, and used in good American guns.

Pretty soon the British came. I could not tell them the time when my weights were gone. Then they treated me badly, for they took my bell and threw it into the river.

But as soon as there was peace again, the people fished my bell out of the river, and gave me new weights. Then they set me going.

After many years I was moved once more. Now I have this high perch on the courthouse. I can see everything in the town, and my tongue wags all the time. I could tell you many a good story, but I must now strike my bell. Twelve o'clock!

LUTIE ANDREWS McCORKLE (*Adapted*).

<i>Copy:</i> Mister	Mr.	Doctor	Dr.
Master	Mr.	Tennessee	Tenn.
Mistress	Mrs.	North Carolina	N. C.

soar	meant	lines	glued	learned
able	blink	tears	swelled	sideways

HOW A LARK LEARNED TO SING AND FLY.

A baby lark tried to get out of its nest sideways and fell. It was a fall of only a foot, but a big drop for a baby.

"You can get back into the nest this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to jump, it fell.

Then the mother marked out lines on the ground, on which it was to hop. It did well, as long as the mother was there every moment to say: "How well you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark. It meant that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried and tried to teach it to fly. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not tell how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you can not teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain, then you can sing."

The rain came, and the little bird's wings were glued together. "I shall never be able to fly or to sing!" it cried.

Then it had to blink its eyes, for a light had spread over the world. The light caught every



leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and put a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it flew from the ground, it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it sang. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! thank you! Oh, mother! Did you hear me? I can sing!"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you!
thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "Oh, mother,
do you see me? I am flying."

J. M. BARRIE (Adapted)

faith	beneath	crescent	perchance
ether	balloon	thousand	breathless

'THE POET AND HIS BOAT.

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon ;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat,
For shape just like the crescent moon.
And now I *have* a little boat,
In shape a very crescent moon :
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail ;
But, if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up, and you shall see me soon.
Up goes my boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her :
Up goes my little boat so bright!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

herd	grand	shrill	flapped	elephant
bath	enjoy	dangers	careful	troubles



ELEPHANTS AND THEIR BABIES.

An elephant and her baby were alone in the great forest. The baby was only a few days old. The mother elephant had left the herd, for her little one was too small to keep up with the big elephants.

The baby elephant's eyes looked very cunning. His bit of a trunk was going up and down all the time. His ears flapped against his head, and his tail was always moving.

To his mother he was a very sweet little elephant. When she looked at him, she would often think of all the troubles and dangers that were ahead of him.

Then she would say: "As long as you are small, I shall fight for you and take care of you. When you are big, you will have to fight and run for yourself. You will have to be very careful, if you want to reach your full size."

One day she was pleased when she saw him pick up some leaves with his trunk. He put the leaves into his mouth, for the elephants use their trunks like hands.

He began now to know how to get his own living. His mother loved him dearly, and stayed by his side all the time. If they met any big animal, she would give shrill cries of anger, and come close to her baby to guard him.

One night she stood close to him until daylight, for she knew that a lion was near.

As time passed away, they met other elephants with their babies. All made a large herd, and went together through the forest.

At last they came to a beautiful river. Soon after, they were all in the water swimming,

throwing water with their trunks, and having great fun.

“How comfortable the water feels!” they said.
 “How I enjoy my bath!” So they all had a grand time. When they were swimming, the little ones rested on the backs of the mothers.

PAUL DU CHAILLU (Adapted).

cast stole thieves splendid

THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said a weed.

Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
 But thieves from o'er the wall,
 Stole the seed by night.

Sowed it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
 Till all the people cried,
 “Splendid is the flower.”

LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

sip
split
carrot

hind
tight
scales

whenever
lemonade
caterpillar
swallowtail



BLACK SWALLOWTAIL.

I

As long as the sun shines Black Swallowtail is happy, and flies from flower to flower.

Black Swallowtail is not a bird. He is a butterfly with four broad wings, and six legs.

With his long tongue he sips nectar from flowers very much as boys and girls sip lemonade through a straw.



Swallowtail's coat looks like black velvet. It is trimmed with rows of yellow dots, and has spots of bright blue.

The real covering of his wings is made of tiny scales. These are black, yellow, and blue, and look like dust.

On the hind wings are little tails that give him his name.

As he rests on a flower, he opens and shuts his wings. He is as beautiful as a flower.

Butterflies love sunshine. When it rains they hide in the grass or bushes. They have no homes, but they know which flowers they like the best.

Black Swallowtail began his life in August last year. At that time he came out of a tiny egg.



The mother butterfly had placed the egg on a carrot leaf.

He was then not a butterfly at all, but a tiny black caterpillar, with a white spot on his back.

The baby caterpillar began at once to eat. When one leaf was gone, he went to another.

Before long this greedy little fellow's coat began to feel too tight.

All at once something gave way. The coat had split right down the back.

As this coat was now of no use, the caterpillar crept out of it, and walked away.

Strange to say, he had on a new coat. It had been growing under the old one, and covered him from head to foot.

It is no wonder that the young caterpillar ate so much. He had only a few weeks in which to grow up. Winter was coming. He must be ready for a long nap.

One day he ate so much that he grew twice as long as he had been the day before, and weighed ten times as much.

Whenever his coat became too tight, it split. He would then pull himself out of it. A new coat was always ready under it.

rope

loop

restless

form

clung

chrysalis

BLACK SWALLOWTAIL.

II

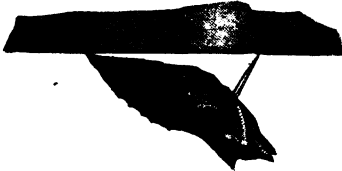
When October came, the Swallowtail caterpillar was nearly two inches long. The coat that he now wore was bright green with black stripes and rows of yellow dots.

The caterpillar was restless. He no longer held fast to a leaf, but started out to see the world.

Pretty soon he walked along the garden fence and crept under a board. Then he stood still,

and began to wag his head from side to side. He was spinning.

First he made a silk rope, and fastened both ends to the board to form a loop. He then spun a tiny rug to rest his feet upon.



When these were done, he put his head through the loop of silk, and clung fast to the little rug.

The next day he cast aside his bright green coat. He was not a caterpillar any longer. He was a chrysalis, and nearly the color of the fence.

A woodpecker looking for food in the winter might walk right by and never see the dull, brown chrysalis.

All winter Black Swallowtail's chrysalis hung there on the board. In May his covering was again too small for him.

The chrysalis moved. Pretty soon the winter coat split. The sleeper crept out.

At first he was very weak. He stretched himself, and began to grow stronger. His wings, too, began to spread.

Swallowtail had been an egg, a caterpillar, and a chrysalis. At last he was a full grown butterfly.

MARY ROGERS MILLER.

earn	real	caused	hatched
tenth	creeping	fretted	waddled

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN.

I

Mrs. Duck was the very one that caused Mrs. Blue Hen all the trouble. While wading in the stream, Mrs. Duck had seen Mrs. Blue Hen going to her nest for three days, slipping and creeping through the bushes.

On the third day, Mrs. Duck did some slipping and creeping herself. She crept up close enough to see Mrs. Blue Hen when she ran away cackling.

Then Mrs. Duck waddled up and peeped into the nest. "I knew that she must be mighty proud, the stuck-up thing! I can see that by the way she steps around here. Quack, quack! Quack, quack!"

Then and there Mrs. Duck, all muddy as she was, got into Mrs. Blue Hen's nest, and sat on her beautiful white eggs. Besides, Mrs. Duck laid one of her own dull-looking eggs in Mrs. Blue Hen's nest. And that was the real cause of all the trouble.



When Mrs. Blue Hen had ten eggs in the nest, she went to sitting. After three weeks, nine little chickens were hatched. She was very proud of them.

She taught them how to talk, and then she wanted to get off her nest and teach them how to scratch about and earn their own living. But there was still one egg to hatch, and so Mrs. Blue Hen kept on sitting on it.

Mrs. Blue Hen fretted a good deal, but in another week the tenth egg hatched. She felt much better after this. Indeed, she was very comfortable. She did not even take the trouble to look at the chicken that hatched from the tenth egg.



neat
weak
noise

turkey
guinea
broad

by-word
joined
surprise

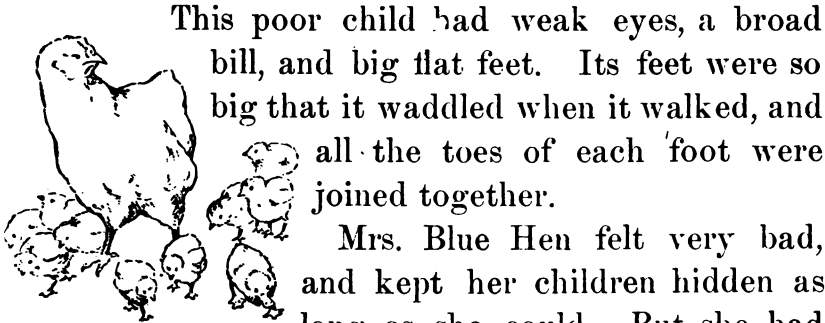


THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKEN.

II

But when she brought her children off the nest, it was a great surprise to her to find that

one of them was not at all like the rest. Nine of her children were as neat looking as she could wish them to be, but the tenth one was a sight to see.



This poor child had weak eyes, a broad bill, and big flat feet. Its feet were so big that it waddled when it walked, and all the toes of each foot were joined together.

Mrs. Blue Hen felt very bad, and kept her children hidden as long as she could. But she had to come out after a while. When she did, there was a noise in the barnyard.

The old white hen was the first to begin it. "Look-look-look!" she cried out. "Look at the Blue Hen's chickens!"

Then the guinea hens began to laugh, and the old turkey thought that it was very funny. Mrs. Blue Hen hung her head, and carried her children away off in the woods.



But her flat-footed chicken was the cause of so much talk, that it became a by-word in all that

country. When any stranger came along looking rough and ragged, people always said that he was the Blue Hen's chicken.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

snail

thorn

dew-pearled

PIPPA'S SONG.

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn,
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-top's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Copy this poem:

Copy: year's = year is

morning's = morning is

lark's = lark is

all's = all is

here's = here is

day's = day is

hill-top's = hill-top is

snail's = snail is

God's = God is

there's = there is

nay forth moping prithee glimpse
gown secret pardon fringes changeful

PUSSY WILLOW AND THE SOUTH WIND.

WIND.

Fie ! moping still by the sleepy brook ?
Little Miss Pussy, how dull you look !
Prithee, throw off that cloak of brown,
And give me a glimpse of your gray silken gown.

WILLOW.

My gray silken gown, Sir Wind, is done,
But its golden fringes are not quite spun.

WIND.

What a slow little spinner ! Pray, pardon me,
But I have had time to cross the sea.
Haste forth, dear Miss Pussy ! the sky is blue,
And I have a secret to whisper to you.

WILLOW.

Nay, nay, they say Winds are changeful things,
I'll wait, if you please, till the bluebird sings.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

pine	hawk	thirsty	Georgia
yolk	Philip	potato	seacoast
Irish	Sydney	spoiled	screaming

BOB.

Bob is our mocking-bird. Not that his name should be Bob at all. He should be called Sir Philip Sydney.

Bob fell to us out of the top of a great pine in a small city on the seacoast of Georgia. In this tree lived great numbers of mocking-birds. They love the green leaves and the breezes from the sea, and, most of all, the sunlight.

About three years ago, Bob was lying on the ground in a lump. He was only a few days old. He could not be put back into the tree, for fear a hawk would take him.

His nest was not to be found. So we made a place for him, and took very good care of him.

Soon he began to call for his food as loudly as any spoiled child. When it was brought, he would throw his head back, and open his yellow beak very wide. Then the lady that cared for him would put into it ball after ball of the yolk of egg mixed with Irish potato.



A short time after Bob came to us, another little bird without a home was put into his cage. One day, when Bob was about six weeks old, his breakfast was late. He was very hungry, indeed, and was screaming with all his might.

At last the lady of the house was able to bring him his breakfast.

He hurried to the door of the cage, which his sick friend could not do, and took the ball of egg-and-potato fiercely in his beak. Then he went back to the sick bird in the corner, and gave him the whole of it without tasting it himself.

Now when Sir Philip Sydney was being carried off the battlefield with a bad wound, he became very thirsty and begged for water.

As the cup was handed to him, a dying soldier cast upon it a look of great longing. Sydney, seeing this, would not take the cup, but said that it must be given to the soldier. "His need is greater than mine," said the dying hero.

SIDNEY LANIER (Adapted).

Sidney Lanier, who wrote "Bob," the book from which this story of "Bob" is taken, lived in Georgia.

Mr. Lanier also wrote many other stories and poems. Some of these are especially for boys and girls. Among them are "The Boy's King Arthur" and "The Boy's Percy."

The writer is called the Sir Galahad among our American poets.

sighed

treasured

A FLIGHT.

A little bird flew out of the South,

The warm, sweet South, where the flowers are ;
And it carried a song 'neath its beating heart

To the cold white North, away so far.

And the sweet South sighed for a bird that had
gone,

But the cold North smiled and treasured the song.

LESLEY GLENDOWER PEABODY.

eastward

trembling

THE WIND AND THE RAINDROP.

A little raindrop, sighing,
 Upon my window lay ;
 The west wind came a-flying,
 And kissed it all away.

A little flower lay dying
 For one drop of dew ;
 The west wind, eastward flying,
 A rain-drop on it threw.

HARRIETTE M. MILLS.

THE WIND.

Who has seen the wind ?
 Neither I nor you ;
 But when the leaves hang trembling,
 The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind ?
 Neither you nor I ;
 But when the trees bow down their heads,
 The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

cub raised grizzly strength headlong
 heel receive terribly stumbled cork-screwed

A GRIZZLY'S SLY LITTLE JOKE.

I know an old Indian that was terribly frightened by a huge old grizzly and her half-grown cub. It was in the autumn, and he was out gathering berries.

It seems that while the Indian had his head raised, and was busy gathering and eating berries, he almost stumbled over an old bear and her cub. They had eaten their fill and fallen asleep in the path on the wooded hill-side.

The old Indian had only time to turn on his heel, and throw himself headlong into the large end of a hollow log, which lay near.

To his great joy, the log was open at the other end. So he cork-screwed his way along toward the farther end. There he was just about to come out, when he saw the old mother bear sitting at that end waiting for him.

After he had his breath again, he worked himself back to the place where he had gone in. But lo! the bear was there, sitting down, half smiling, and waiting to receive him warmly.

The old Indian said that this was done time after time. At last he had no strength left to move again, and turned on his face to die.



The bear put her head in, and touched his head gently with her nose. She then drew back, took her cub with her, and walked away.

The bear could have gone into the hollow log, and have killed the Indian at any time. When you know this, you will see that she must have been in play.

She must also have had some feeling of fun in that "cat and mouse" game with the Indian.

JOAQUIN MILLER (Adapted).

balm
blast
signs
azure
valley



snowy
violets
twilights
deepened
swallows

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (*March*).

"Who will go," cried Mother Spring,
"With a bit of azure from the sky,
To say cold winter has gone by,
To wake up every sleeping thing?"
"I," said the bluebird, "I."

ELIZABETH B. JOHNSON (*Heralds of Spring*).

One knows the spring is coming ;
 There are birds ; the fields are green ;
 There is balm in the sunlight and moonlight,
 And dew in the twilights between.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (Springtime).

What does it mean when the bluebird comes
 And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear ?
 When violets peep through the blades of grass ?
 These are the signs that spring is here.

GEORGE COOPER (The Seasons).

Robins in the tree-tops,
 Blossoms in the grass,
 Green things a-growing
 Everywhere you pass.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (Marjorie's Almanac).

And after April, when May follows,
 The white-throat builds, and all the swallows.

ROBERT BROWNING (Home Thoughts).

Summer's in the sound of June,
 Summer and a deepened tune
 Of the bees and of the birds.

LEIGH HUNT.

sake	valley	shepherd	restoreth
evil	enemies	pastures	anointest
staff	presence	preparest	righteousness

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd ;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul :

He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,

I will fear no evil :

For Thou art with me ;

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies :

Thou anointest my head with oil ;

My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life :

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

BIOGRAPHIES

HENRY DAVID THOREAU has been called a "new kind of sportsman" because he carried a book and pencil with him instead of a gun.

His home was in Massachusetts. He once built a cottage in the woods, so that he might live among the trees and flowers, the birds and beasts. He has told about his out-door life in "Winter," "Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn."

MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON spent the first years of her life in Massachusetts; the last years in Colorado. Her most noted books were written about Indians, but she also wrote poems and stories.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS is one of the best known and most loved of American writers. His home is in Georgia.

Among the books that delight the children are "Little Mr. Thimble-finger," from which "The Strongest—Who? or Which?" is taken; "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," "Nights with Uncle Remus," "The Story of Aaron," and "Uncle Remus and His Friends."

"The Blue Hen's Chicken" has been especially authorized by Mr. Harris for this book.

MRS. JOSEPHINE D. PEARY has made several trips to the Arctic regions with her husband, Lt. R. E. Peary, U. S. N.

The little girl about whom she tells in "The Snow Baby" is her own little daughter, Marie Ah-ni-ghi-to. The story is taken from the book called "The Snow Baby."

Marie and her father have written a book called "Snowland Folk."

When SIR WALTER SCOTT was a little boy, he was very lame. He used to be sent from his home in the city of Edinburgh to spend a great deal of time in the country. There, among the hills, the little boy heard told and sung the tales and ballads of the brave days of old. He was very fond of these stories, and when he became a man he put many of them into his books and poems.

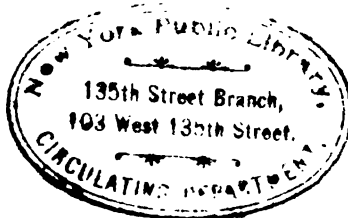
From one of these books, "The 'Tales of a Grandfather," the story of Robert Bruce is taken.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S real name is Cincinnatus Heine Miller. When he was only thirteen years old, his parents moved from Indiana to Oregon. In the new country, the boy met with many adventures. His book called "True Bear Stories" gives an account of some very interesting experiences with bears.

HOMER, the man to whom we owe the story of Ulysses, lived more than three thousand years ago. In those days there were no books, so Homer probably traveled about from place to place, singing and reciting his poems.

These poems are now to be found in two books, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The first tells about the siege of Troy; the other describes the adventures of Ulysses on his way home after the fall of Troy.

LUTIE ANDREWS MCCORKLE now lives in Savannah, Georgia, but her old home was in North Carolina. She has written stories of the history of that state in her book called "Old Time Stories of the Old North State." From this book the stories "The Boy, the Bees, and the British" and "The Old Town Clock" are taken.



YTS







